

From the North British Review.

1. *The Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland.* By THOMAS TOD STODDART. Edinburgh and London, 1847.
2. *A Handbook of Angling: Teaching Fly-fishing, Trolling, Bottom-fishing, and Salmon-fishing.* By EPHEMERA. London, 1847

THE Art of Angling has for a length of time been among the most highly favored, and most assiduously pursued, of all our British sports, and any contributions which tend either to explain its theory, or improve its practice, cannot be otherwise than welcome to a piscatorial public. It is pleasant to read about angling during wintry weather, when close-time and the fear of water-bailiffs debar the uses of the rod; and when the remembrance of bright and balmy summer days, all past and gone, and it may be, the anticipation of still more genial seasons yet to come, throw a radiance even over the surrounding actualities of frost and snow—the imagination of the “contemplative angler” being, at the same time, no doubt, considerably enlivened by the sparkling presence of a steady though consuming fire.

That the study of works on angling during the other seasons of the year—the genial spring, the sultry summer, or the melancholy, though many-colored “fall,” is productive of equal advantage, is another question. The fire-side pleasure, and the water-side profit, of such works, are two distinct matters, though each is well worthy of attentive consideration in its way. That one man may read about angling by the household hearth till his shoes are consumed from off his feet, and his winter store of coals reduced to ashes, and know nothing of the subject after all, is just as certain as that another man may be a first-rate angler without having ever had in hand a single book upon his much-loved art. This only proves the truth of the old adage—that “practice is better than precept”—a saying which we don't here quote as anything very original, but rather as being peculiarly applicable to the art of angling, with a brief consideration of which we are now about to beguile ourselves, if not our readers.

Let the student, then, bear thoughtfully in mind, that angling differs in many respects from most other subjects—for example, history—and in nothing more than this, that books, by themselves, are of no earthly use. The achievements of Alexander the Great, of Julius Cæsar, and other men of renown, we fear, can now be only learned “from the record,” seeing that they lived and died, came, saw, and conquered, in ages long gone by, into which we cannot cast ourselves; and certain it is, that no exploration now-a-days of the banks of the Granicus will tell us who headed the Macedonian phalanx, and overthrew Darius and his 600,000

Persians, (surely a numerous people, if not a strong,) any more than a walk, however lengthened, along the Rubicon, even from its lowly Adriatic mouth to gurgling fount on rocky Apennine will tell us who crossed it one fine day, when perhaps he ought not to have done so—at least if he respected the senate, or feared Pompey and a civil war. The student of these passages in history may practise what he pleases by the sides of famous streams, but they will tell him nothing unless he also deeply ponders over many a dark and dismal-looking volume, the very names of which we scarcely know, and if we did, would almost fear to write; but we are sure that his notes would not be of Limerick hooks, (O'Shaughnessy's,) or Kirby bends, of lance-wood, hickory, whalebone or bamboo; nor yet of mohair, dubbing, silk, or silver-twist; nor of any form of feathers or their hue, “white, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.” Instead of these would stand such mystical memoranda as the following:—“*Diod.* 17.—*Plut.* in *Alex.*—*Justin.*—*Curt.* iii., c. 1.—*Lucan.* i. v. 185 and 213.—*Strab.* 5.—*Suet.* in *Cæs.* 32:” and, for anything we can aver to the contrary, the supposed student might not be much wiser than he was before, in spite of all this dread array. But the true piscator must be practical in all his ways; for no perceptive teaching can give the steady arm and all-observing eye, or that peculiar combination of their powers by which an adept's artificial fly is made—after a semi-circular sweep in upper air—to vault boldly across a raging river, and alight upon its surface within a couple of inches of some chosen spot—chosen either from past experience of its value, or it may be merely from that instinctive feeling by which a practised angler ascertains, even in unaccustomed waters,

“Where low submerged the princely salmon lies.”

Neither can anything but ample and assiduous practice give that other combination of relentless firmness and gentle pliability, with which both rod and reel are managed, after the glittering lounge, or great up-heaving swell of sullen waters, followed by a whirl of line like an electric telegraph, has proved the hooking of some goodly fish, which, under the guidance of a master's hand, may rush, and spring, and flounder, all in vain; but alas! in timid and unsteady tyro's keeping, rises like a silvery meteor, and instantaneously turning its head one way and its tail another, snaps the line with one indignant plunge—

“A moment white, then gone forever.”

But, although a man who “spareth the rod,” can never efficiently instruct himself or others in its practice, we do not mean to say that there is the slightest harm either in reading or in writing

books on angling. On the contrary, as many respectable followers of the aquatic art are frequently and unfortunately laid up by rheumatism, the custom of reading a good deal, and writing a very little, may even be deemed advisable in certain cases—that is, where there is a remnant of reason, a remembrance of the first rules of grammar, some slight power of observation, discrimination, and expression, and a resolute resolve, while indulging in such works, never to lose temper as well as time, through the folly there abounding.

The germ or nucleus of Mr. Stoddart's present publication, is no doubt his small precursor entitled "The Art of Angling, as practised in Scotland," published so far back as 1835. We desire to refer for a moment to that former work, in order to give the author credit for his sound doctrine on the great parr question, even at that early period, when we confess our own mind was greatly darkened. He was of course quite ignorant, in common with all his brethren of the angle, of Mr. Shaw's original discovery of the slow progress of that fish's growth in fresh water, and of the consequent length of time during which it sojourned there; and, indeed, as respects this latter point, his views are somewhat vague and misty, if not altogether inaccurate even now. But that he, with a wise and discriminating instinct, felt, although he could not scientifically prove, that parr were young salmon, is, we think, apparent from the following paragraphs:—

Three theories, barring the one of its being a distinct species, are abroad concerning the parr. The first and most general opinion is, that the parr belongs both to the trout and salmon species, and is a sort of mule betwixt them: the second theory maintained by some, reckons it to be the male of the sea-trout, whiting, or finnock; and the third, which is by far the soundest, is held, certainly, we confess, upon suspicious principles, by the Ettrick Shepherd, and assumes that the parr is nothing else than the fry of salmon. We shall consider these three opinions individually, and give our reasons for supporting the last.—*Scottish Angler*, p. 80.

Our author then sets himself to demolish the first two theories—a work of supererogation by no means difficult to do—and next endeavors to establish that which stands third in order, by a general reasoning not very accurate or conclusive in its way. But he then proceeds as follows:—

Nor is our hypothesis altogether imaginary, for we come to the relation of a circumstance, the happening of which grounded our belief in this theory; and no assailable one it is, if our eyes, which are good, did not deceive us. Last spring, after the time when smoults generally descend, we chanced to capture a few of them in St. Mary's Loch, the streams about which are a favorite breeding-place for salmon. These were of a large kind, and had been prevented from joining the spring shoals, by their inability to discover the outlet to the lake; they were soft and loose in the scale, but seemingly an enticing bait for pike, which frequent a smaller sheet of water immediately above St. Mary's. In the afternoon, happening to use one of these smoults on our pike tackle, we remarked how its scales came

off in great numbers, *discovering beneath a perfect parr, not to be mistaken in any one respect.* This incidental discovery we further confirmed by repeated experiments, and are now convinced beyond a doubt of the fact, that parr are the young of salmon in a certain state.

Nor have we availed ourselves in the minutest degree of the observations of our friend the Ettrick Shepherd, in the *Agricultural Journal*; for we esteem his method of proof as somewhat fallacious, and at war with the established doctrine of chances; yet we have conversed with those who have asserted the accuracy of Mr. Hogg's statement, and we know it to be the constant practice of the bard of Altrive to mark the tail-fin of his parr with a peculiar incision, not difficult to recognize. We confess, however, that it is wonderful, first, that Mr. Hogg should be able to catch the ten thousandth portion of the parr frequenting Yarrow; second, that out of a few hundreds that he might catch and mutilate, such a number should reach the sea, undergo the many chances of disaster on their way thither, the more hideous perils of that element: that they should ascend to the exact stream of their birth, in preference to many others; and that when of good size and liable to be taken on ever so many occasions by human means, they should, escaping net and hook, otter and leister, arrive uninjured at Mr. Hogg's feet, and allow him to transfix them through and through, in order to discover their personal identity.—p. 86.

The most painful part of the discovery of the true character and status of the parr, is the fearful consequences which may now ensue to the youthful progeny of the human race. Although there has been no legislative enactment concerning parr, under that particular and appropriate name, yet the ascertainment of their being young salmon, brings them into the same category with that noble fish, and places them beneath the shelter of its shield and buckler. From this it follows, that if the act be strictly enforced and followed out, all youthful anglers (and anglers indeed of every age, but we most compassionate the young) must, in all rivers haunted by salmon, be totally debarred the pleasure of the rod, or use it at their peril, under the risk of conviction and heavy fine; because, as in most rivers the majority of small trout, commonly so called, are actually parr or young salmon, it is impossible to angle, in however good faith, for genuine trout, without killing also genuine salmon; and so the son of a respectable attorney, (we suppose there are such people,) who encreels, *inter alia* and inadvertently, a few innocent parr, as yet unconscious even of incipient greatness, "shall forfeit and pay any sum not less than one pound sterling, and not exceeding ten pounds," besides forfeiting his rod or "other engine," whatever that may be. There is something most considerate and very soothing in the "not exceeding" termination of the clause, as exhibiting, under the very aggravated and heinous nature of the crime supposed, an almost heroic limitation of punishment. Only ten pounds for a parr! why, a person would have to pay as much to a jeweller for a mock one, made of silver and precious stones, which yet doubtless would not be half so beautifully lustrous, nor so emblazoned with "orient pearls and gold," as the

real samlet when it glanced and sparkled in the liquid light of the translucent stream. It is one of the cheapest things we have ever heard of, although it is by no means unlikely that the poor lad may be sorely pushed before he can pay for it after all. But supposing this part of the case to be a hard one, far worse than any legal prosecution is the personal *persecution* which may and will take place throughout the live-long summer days, wherever a surly guardian of the river, on the look-out for prey, espies two or three as yet joyous urchins gathered together, near though not upon the village green. The village green, indeed! They are actually wading in the water, with long and rather scraggy legs, extremely bare, and their scant trousers tucked up, and rolled above their wall-worn knees. What business have they there at such a time! Is the river theirs, or ought that it contains! Most surely not; and what if the villains are contravening Act 9th Geo. IV., sec. 4.\* Who knows! Let us see, says the grim old water-bailiff, who was a noted nocturnal leisterer in his day, but having lost his right hand by the springing of a fox-trap, which he had set for hares, has now betaken himself to a less illegal, if not more legitimate vocation. The urchins are seized and examined, their pockets and pocket-handkerchiefs are emptied and unrolled, the "speckled parr" pounced upon and appropriated, and the youthful aspirants to the honors of a jointed rod, (as yet a willow-wand is all their boast,) reviled as poachers of the darkest hue, as having been actually caught killing salmon within view of the very school-house—(salary, the maximum, and fees several pounds per annum, with accommodation for a parlor boarder)—where they might surely have been taught far better things, and with a considerable number of these valuable and most important fishes furtively concealed, though still alive, in a pint bottle. Their willow-wands are confiscated, and they themselves flee from the well-trodden turfy banks, and little gravelly bays of the ancestral stream, and betake themselves in terror, some (and these are chiefly orphans) to the lonely sides of pastoral mountains, others to their homes *maternal*, all losing half a Saturday, (its better half,) and dreaming for several nights successively of the inane, though to them dreadful, because rubicund, face of Justice Shallow, the "Triton of the Minnows," though no great judge of parr. This is indeed a new evil under the sun, and we see no help for it. Salmon, and fish of the salmon kind, whether old or young, have been almost immemorially, in some way or other, protected by an act of parliament; and boys, whether bare-legged or buskined, have likewise for time out of mind been in the custom of catching parr, thinking of no other act whatever but their own. In this peculiar posture of affairs, it may be considered as very questionable whether it was right, not as regards the civic economy of

large towns, but the rural economy of small villages, and the juvenile privileges of the rising generation, both in town and country, that parr should have been ascertained to be the young of salmon at all. But as the discovery has been clearly made, and widely promulgated, it cannot now be concealed, and must therefore just be submitted to by all concerned. But how, in these times of anticipated restriction and prosecution, the country can expect in after days a body of fair and fearless anglers, such as have hitherto characterized and ennobled our beautiful river shores, we cannot take upon ourselves to say; yet we know that as colonies, commerce, and the navigation laws, have been as nurseries to our naval force, so has the angling of trout and parr ever formed the initiatory practice of all the mighty and renowned Nim-rods of our water-courses. Is it to be so now no more forever! "The fishers also shall mourn, and all they that cast angles into the brook shall lament," although they that "spread nets upon the waters" need not languish.

Mr. Stoddart's present volume is so much more comprehensive and complete than his former one, that it may fairly be regarded altogether as a new and different work, and certainly one of the best and most important of its kind which has hitherto issued from the press. The author has been long and favorably known to both the angling and the literary world as an experienced sportsman and agreeable writer. Devoted to his art from early youth, a more recent residence of ten continuous years on Tweedside, in the neighborhood of Kelso, with the further experience of two seasons by the banks of salmon streams in the north of Scotland, has given him a large measure of acquaintance with the subject, and most ample opportunities both of special practice and general observation of things connected with his favorite art, since he first indited his "Scottish Angler" in 1835.\* His "Angler's Companion" of 1847, will therefore be found to be the most complete compendium of things new and old, and worthy of remembrance, which we possess upon the subject at the present time. He not only discusses the theory and practice of the art, with special directions in relation to fly and bait fishing for the principal species which occur in Scotland, but he also gives separate chapters containing local details regarding all our mighty rivers and their lesser streams—extremely valuable as contributions to our general knowledge, and not only useful, but indispensable, as itineraries to guide the angler in his watery way. The very "contents" of these chapters are enough to make any man discontented both with time and space, during the present wintry weather, when he must endure himself and family by the fire-side. The Tweed, the Forth, the Tay, and of each of these the tributaries—themselves a world of waters infinite; the "rivers of Angus and Aberdeenshire;" the "rivers of the Moray Firth;" "the Beaully

\* "That such as sell or have in possession smolts, or the young of salmon, or disturb the parent fish while spawning, shall be fined in sums not exceeding ten nor under one pound sterling."

\* We believe that Mr. Stoddart also wrote an intermediate work, with which we are not ourselves acquainted, called "Angling Reminiscences," published in 1837.

and Conan;" the "rivers of the Dornoch Firth;" the "Oikel, Cassley, Carron, and Shin, Loch Shin, Loch Craggie," and many more; the "Naver and Strathy, the Hope, Dinart, and Borgia, Loch Stack, the Laxford, the Inchard, the Lochs of Assynt, the river Ewe, Loch Maree, the Lewis;" then "the Awe, and rivers and lochs of Argyleshire;" "the Clyde and streams of the south-west," and "the rivers of the Solway Firth."

"Fate drop the curtain, we can stand no more."

Mr. Stoddart's first chapter is occupied by his views regarding the river-trout, its character and habits; and contains many sound and sensible observations, along with certain statements of things which are hard to be understood. But of these anon.

The trout is unquestionably a voracious feeder. It consumes, in proportion to its size, a greater quantity of sustenance than any other fresh-water fish; nor, in respect to the quality of its food, is it quite so scrupulous as is generally imagined. Look, for instance, at the variety it indulges in, according as the seasons, hours of the day, and state of the water or atmosphere, prompt and direct it. In this variety are embraced the whole of the insect tribes, winged or otherwise; frogs, leeches, worms, slugs, snails, maggots, cad-bait, every sort and size of fly, beetle, and moth, the water-spider, &c. Then there are fish—the smaller ones of its own species, parr or fingerlings, minnows, loaches, and sticklebacks, along with the roe or ova of salmon; and I doubt not even young birds and water-rats are occasionally made prey of by hungry river-trout. Examine the stomach, and you will generally find a large mass composed of insect-remains in a partly digested state, and superadded sometimes to these the remnants of a parr, loach, or minnow. The carp, the tench, the pike, are not more varied in their feeding than the common fresh-water trout. Even the pike itself, although a fearless, vindictive, and rapacious fish, is less gluttonous in its habits, and in its tastes infinitely more simple and congruous.

What is it, then, it may be asked, that renders the trout difficult of capture? Its greedy propensities, one might imagine, would naturally allow little room to the angler for the exercise of skill and judgment. But experience has taught otherwise; and the simple reason of this is, that with these propensities the trout unites epicure habits, caprice in its hours and seasons of feeding, cunning, shyness, and watchful distrust. As an epicure, it batters one day upon surface or winged food, and the next upon ground sustenance. Sometimes the minnow will attract it, sometimes the worm; sometimes, turning from both with dislike or satiety, it will amuse its palate with delicacies of the minutest description—the larvæ of water insects, or pellets of ova, picked up with address and assiduity from among the interstices of rocks and stones, from the foliage or roots of waterplants, or while floating past it in the descending current. And this caprice as to its food, while it tests the skill and experience of the angler, is assisted in doing so by the cunning and natural mistrust of the fish; its quick, vigilant eye; its keen, distinguishing sense of smell, and similar instinctive endowments and perceptions.—p. 13.

These omnivorous propensities no doubt form

the groundwork of its too often fatal affection, even for those fantastic artificial lures which anglers fondly call *fies*, because they sometimes in a certain small measure resemble these insects, and are made by impulsion of rod and line to wing their adventurous way, first through the air and then through the water, where assuredly they soon lose all resemblance to the things whose name they bear.

The size to which trout attain, and the rate of their increase of growth, depend greatly upon circumstances, and vary with the nature of particular localities. An extensive range of ground, with an abundant supply of good food, makes speedy amends for want of years; while, on the other hand, if a trout is planted in a spring well, although it be fed, even by the fairest hands, by night and day, its increase of dimensions will be slow and slight. This is probably owing to the want of diversity of aliment, and which debars the fish from choosing its food in accordance with what some might call caprice, but which we shall simply name the natural inclination of the moment. It is said that if you feed a human being upon pigeon pies for six weeks, he either dies or becomes a maniac. We never chanced to try the experiment either on ourselves or others, and would certainly, in the present state of the money market, rather decline the hazard of a contract to pay the expense of pie and paste to more than an extremely limited number of Irish *navies* who might survive the trial—certainly more humane in itself than the administering of even infinitesimal quantities of arsenic, corrosive sublimate, prussic acid, or other poisonous and therefore rather unpleasant preparations, (as is the practice of physiologists,) to magnificent Newfoundland dogs, with lofty foreheads and thoughtful deep-set eyes—such as Landseer would love to paint—and tails that would turn round a man-of-war even during ebb-tide, with a single swinge. But that a variety of food is conducive to the exuberant growth both of man and the lower creatures is certain.

In all lochs, says Mr. Stoddart, characterized by good feeding-ground, and abundance of shelter, trout have a tendency to acquire large dimensions. This tendency, however, is frequently counteracted by the breeding accommodation, in the shape of streams or feeders, which afford great facility for spawning. Under such circumstances, the stock, instead of attaining to great size, become numerous, as is the case in many of our lochs, where the feeding grounds are both extensive and of good quality. The introduction of pike into such lochs aids, no doubt, in improving the dimensions and quality of the trout, but has not always this effect.

For instance, St. Mary's loch, in Selkirkshire, contains pike and perch in considerable abundance, and yet the trout continue comparatively numerous, and are not distinguished on account of their size, seldom exceeding a pound in weight, and averaging little more than half a pound. The breeding waters, consisting of Meggat, Yarrow, and five or six hill-burns which help to people the lake in question, are, in this instance, quite sufficient to keep up the

supply, notwithstanding the ravages presumed to be committed by the fresh-water tyrant, which fish, I may mention, infests only the weedy portions of the loch, and is not found equally distributed, as is the case in Loch Leven, and many of our Highland sheets of water, around the margin. Were it so—were every point of access to the shallows held in keeping by pike, most assuredly the trout would decrease in number; and should a fair proportion of their feeding-grounds remain at the same time accessible to them, they, as certainly, would increase in respect to size. We have illustrations of the fact afforded us by what has been noticed in a number of our Highland lochs; for instance, in Loch Tummel in Perthshire, in Loch Vennachar near Callander, also in Lochs Garve, Achannault, and Ledgowan, in Ross-shire. In all these expanses of water, the pike are numerous and pretty equally distributed along the margin, having the desirable shelter and accommodation. The trout associated with them are consequently not abundant; but, generally speaking, of large size. They vary in point of weight from one and a half up to ten or twelve pounds weight.\*

It may be remarked, however, that lochs containing few or no pike, and where small trout, averaging from a quarter to one pound weight, are found in great abundance, not unfrequently, along with these, possess large individuals of the species, chiefly predatory in their habits, and which unquestionably commit havoc to a great extent among the others. Such fish have frequently been taken by trolling in Lochs Laggan, Tay, Ness, and Earn, where the trout captured with the fly seldom exceed a pound in weight, and are generally not so heavy. These monsters, I may observe, are quite different in character from the *Salmo ferox* of Lochs Awe and Shin; they are merely overgrown loch-trout, of the same variety as the general stock of the lake they inhabit, or one or other of its tributaries. They have been captured, I am told, weighing 20 lbs. and upwards; nor shall I dispute the accuracy of this statement, but feel inclined to give it full credence.—p. 17.

We are not quite sure as to the fact inferred in the two concluding sentences of the preceding paragraph—that these enormous trout are in truth the same as the general stock of lakes and their tributaries. As professed naturalists have not yet succeeded in defining the characters which distinguish the different kinds, or even in ascertaining whether these distinctions are permanent, that is, original and specific, or accidental and subject to variation, we cannot blame the mere angler for throwing so little light upon the subject. We think it likely that common loch-trout, that is, fortunate and well-fed individuals, of the ordinary race, which under happy auspices have attained to an extreme old age, will also be found of very unusual size; but we certainly have personal knowledge of several fine expansive lochs, affording first-rate feeding-ground—such as Loch Ard and Loch Chon, where *Salmo ferox* does not occur, and where the common variety of *Salmo fario* never exceeds a few pounds in weight, and

\* We should rejoice exceedingly to find ourselves (even in our "sear and yellow leaf") standing by the shores of any loch in which the range of trout could be correctly characterized as varying in point of weight from one and a half to ten or twelve pounds. We never saw or heard of such before.—Reviewer.

where a three or four pounder, if not a prodigy, is very rare. Now, in trolling for *Salmo ferox*, when that sort occurs, a four or five pound fish is considered rather small of its kind. The last we chanced to see and handle were three taken in the course of an hour and a half's trolling in Loch Shin last July, by two English gentlemen from Richmond, who had never trolled for these gigantic trout before. They weighed respectively nine pounds and one ounce, six pounds and a quarter, and three pounds and a half—or close upon nineteen pounds the three. Now, in the neighboring hill-water called Loch Craggie, where no *feroces* are ever found, but where the common trout are far finer than those of Loch Shin, being sumptuously fed, extremely strong, richly yet delicately flavored, with pink-colored curdy flesh, and of large average size, the adults varying from three quarters of a pound to two pounds and a half, it is extremely rare to kill one exceeding three pounds, and there is scarcely an authentic record of one of twice that weight. We doubt not, however, that in larger lochs they may occur of greater size, though it is not their tendency so to do, any more than it is the tendency of the human race to measure seven or eight feet high, although a few aspiring individuals may be steeple-form to that extent.

While at Fort-Augustus in July, 1835, Mr. Stoddart saw what he considered a loch-trout of the common kind captured from a boat by trolling-tackle in Loch Ness, which weighed fourteen pounds. He states, that in point of shape it was, to his eye, symmetrically faultless, being deep in the flank, small-headed, and beautifully curved in the back and shoulder:

—properties not always possessed by the description of trout I am alluding to, which, as overgrown individuals of their species, are inclined to show a monster front, big bony jaws, a long, straight, thick-hided hull, and huge flapping tail; in fact, all the characteristics which age, hunger, and roving habits are apt to engender.—p. 19.

We are inclined to think that river-trout, although their average size is certainly less than that of the loch variety, exhibit the largest examples of their kind, if we exclude *Salmo ferox* as probably a different species. For example, Stephen Oliver the younger, records a trout taken in September, 1832, near Great Driffield, which measured thirty-one inches in length, twenty-one in girth, and weighed seventeen pounds. A few years since, as mentioned by Mr. Yarrell, a notice was sent to the Linnean Society of a trout that was caught on the 11th of January, 1822, in a small branch of the Avon, "at the back of Castle-street, Salisbury," which weighed twenty-five pounds, and the accurate ichthyologist just named, has given us instances of Thames trout weighing from eleven to fifteen pounds.

Some deep pools, says Mr. Yarrell, in the Thames above Oxford, afford excellent trout, and some of them of very large size. I have before me a record of six, taken by minnow-spinning, which weighed together fifty-four pounds, the largest of

them thirteen pounds. Few persons are aware of the difficulty of taking a trout when it has attained twelve or fourteen pounds' weight, and it is very seldom that one of this size is hooked and landed, except by a first-rate fisherman; such a fish, when in good condition, is considered a present worthy a place at a royal table.\*

We believe, that the English or south country anglers are great adepts in long light casts, with delicate gear, in deep still waters, where finely deceptive fishing is required, so that a Quarterly Reviewer might possibly excel another of the North British, in that quiet though skilful mode of capturing the finny race; but in or near a roaring rock-bound river, where the stream is almost a cataract, and the pool apparently a boiling cauldron, though extremely cold, we should by no means fear to back the true Presbyterian blue against the equally true Episcopalian brown.

We have no personal knowledge of any very large river-trout in Scotland, having never killed one quite three pounds; but we see no reason to dissent from Mr. Stoddart in his statement, as to the probability of individuals, purely of the river sort, attaining to the weight of ten or twelve. In the "*Aberdeen Journal*," September, 1833, mention is made of a trout killed in the Don, which weighed eleven pounds, and measured in girth seventeen inches. They are frequently captured in the Tweed by means of cairn-nets, and otherwise, weighing upwards of six pounds. Mr. Stoddart has taken them in that river, and its tributary Teviot, as heavy as four pounds and a half.\* But we believe that the slow and stately streams of England, in its southern quarters, with their richer feeding-ground, and more umbrageous places of repose and shelter, produce larger trout than any that are frequent in the more translucent rivers of the north.

\* *British Fishes*, vol. ii., p. 56.

† There is nothing deceptive in the weight of fish, because they are just as easily weighed as flesh or feathers, the moment they are hung to a steel-yard. But there is a great deal that is extremely deceptive in the statements of anglers regarding that weight, because their judgment is warped by their imagination, and the assertion evolved is often a large fiction founded on a small fact. We were once solemnly assured by an apparently respectable Edinburgh bookseller, now no more, that he had on a certain occasion enjoyed most excellent sport near the mouth of a Highland river, where, in a few hours, he had killed fifty sea-trout, weighing a couple of pounds apiece. Most excellent sport, truly! if truly stated. We inquired if he did not find them a stiffish burden after a toilsome day, and rather troublesome perhaps to carry home, if he had far to travel. He said he found them very heavy *crossing the moor*, as it was then getting dark. We should think so. Now we are free to state what we know, that no man could kill fifty sea-trout of two pounds each, without killing a good many above that weight, and a great many much below it, because sea-trout strictly two pounds in weight, don't keep company by themselves. But supposing a hundredweight of fish actually killed, no man (not even a fish-woman) could carry them home at all, whether he had to cross a moor in the dark, or keep the queen's highway under the most radiant moon that ever cast a cloudless splendor over earth and heaven. It would require about half a dozen ordinary fishing-baskets to encase fifty sea-trout of two pounds, and three stout gillies (the captor himself being by this time far too much exhausted to lend a shoulder) to carry them home. We recommend the insertion of the statement, with many others, daily and nightly repeated by anglers of low and high degree, in the next edition of Baron Munchausen.

The rate at which trout grow, and the time they take to attain the adult state, are points of some importance in their history, which it is, however, fully more easy to imagine than describe. Mr. Stoddart is of opinion, that if well fed they grow with astonishing rapidity, and that under any circumstances not absolutely hostile to their existence, they acquire, in the course of four or five months, dimensions which entitle them to a "place in the angler's creel." We fear that many are placed there with very small pretensions as to size, though excellent when "lispering in numbers" in the frying-pan, with a considerable coating of meal. Their spawn is shed, like that of the salmon, during a range of several months, from the end of September onwards; and in like manner the period of hatching depends on the conditions of the weather, a mild season producing young in earlier spring than a severe one. No man can tell the age of a trout simply by looking at its teeth, and in this respect, as doubtless in many others, it differs from a horse. The following are Mr. Stoddart's views:—

During what may be termed its infancy it requires little nourishment, and this, the quantum it requires, the most barren streams can afford; whereas, to a fish of more mature growth, such waters are quite inadequate to furnish it in the requisite sufficiency. Accordingly, in streams of this nature, trout seldom or never attain to a large size. They naturally become dwarfish and ill-conditioned, obliged as they are to subsist upon a measure of food not a whit more ample than what they had the power of obtaining, and actually did engross, without either craving or surfeit, during the first year of their existence.

In the generality of our Scottish rivers—for example, the Tweed and Teviot, furnishing an ample, but not an extraordinary supply of food—the growth and age of the trout inhabiting them may be reckoned as follows. The fry, I presume, hatched in the month of April. They continue growing during the first year, as long as a regular supply of ground and surface-food is afforded them, until the latter end probably of October. By this period they have acquired a length of six or seven inches, and a corresponding weight of from two and a half to three and a half ounces. Feeding precariously during the winter, they gain no additional weight, but rather the contrary, until the spring months. About the latter end of March, the river flies making their appearance, they begin to feed regularly, and as a consequence recommence growing. By the time the supplies have again become stinted, they have acquired an accession to their length of about a couple of inches, and weigh from five to seven ounces. A considerable proportion of the trout of this the second year's growth, are in spawning trim during September, and others part with their milt a few weeks later; but a great number there are among them which do not arrive at breeding condition until the autumn and winter following. The trout of the third year's growth form the generality of those captured by the angler with fly, about the end of April and beginning of May, averaging, as they do, from seven to nine ounces each, and occupying at that period, to the exclusion of smaller fry, (which still hold to the pools and deeper portions of the river,) the main streams and currents.

During the first showers of March-browns, these, the trout of the third year's growth, are generally foremost on the feed, interspersed, however, with a few of their seniors—the survivors of a former generation. Of this latter description are those approaching to, or upwards of, a pound in weight—a stage of growth, on reaching which, I believe that many of our river-trout cease progressing. Others, however, which have taken up a convenient haunt or post of attack, and instinctively prefer coarse and abundant feeding, attain to a much larger size. A few individuals also, the inhabitants of the rivers I speak of, owing in the same manner, to the advantages they possess in acquiring food of a finer quality, locating themselves, for instance, under a range of alders, or at the mouth of a feeder, reach, without any loss of proportion, more than the average weight of full-grown trout. These latter subsist, almost entirely, upon ground and surface food, and only occasionally as a change, and when the other is scarce, resort to the minnow or parr.—p. 29.

There is no doubt that the size and character of trout must depend mainly on the quantity and quality of food. There are numerous naturally impoverished streams where it is scarcely possible to capture a trout above a quarter of a pound, and the greater the number of them, the more lank and ill-conditioned they become. One might as soon expect to find jolly red-faced rollicking paupers, weighing fifteen stone and upwards, in a poor's house, as well-conditioned fish in such ill-supplied waters. It is thus that many of our Highland and northern rivers, flowing as they do through barren and uncultivated districts, with rocky unretentive beds, their waters clear and cold, containing no sedimentary deposits, and surrounded by no umbrageous banks nor varied vegetation, "the flowery lap of some irriguous valley," produce only lean and dwarfish trout. A different rule holds in respect to salmon—because of these the feeding grounds are in the sea, and a roaring and outrageous river is all to their taste, as food is not their object in seeking the fresh water, but a stream or current as an essential attribute of the spawning ground. Of course they do feed in rivers, and fortunately for ourselves, not seldom on artificial flies, (we wonder what peculiar kind they take them for,) but they do not increase in size or weight, and greatly deteriorate in general condition.

Should the feeding ground, however, (observes our author,) greatly exceed the average—I still speak in respect to quantity—although it rarely does so without the implication also of a superior quality of subsistence, trout will not only attain to a weight exceeding what I have mentioned to be that common to a full-grown Tweed fish under ordinary circumstances, but they will arrive at it in a far shorter period of time—in the course, it may be, of two or at most three years; whereas the Tweed trout needs four to acquire its sixteen ounces, and then ceases growing. Thus in Leet or Eden, a trout of the second year's growth is as heavy as a three or even a four year old fish pastured among the channels of Tweed or Ettrick; and were the trout of these insignificant waters suffered undisturbed to reach their full size, which there is no

question they would do in the course of five or six years, numbers would be found among them, as was the case not long ago, weighing severally upwards of two pounds. Thus, also, in respect to many lakes, fish-ponds, and old marl-pits, into which the fry of trout have been put, as long as these possess a superabundance of both ground and surface-food, the young fish will thrive astonishingly, and arrive in an incredibly short space of time at dimensions exceeding those of average-sized river-trout.

But without enlarging any further upon this subject, I shall conclude with a single observation all that is essential to be said in regard to the growth of fish; namely, that as sheep and cattle will not fatten and thrive on stinted pastures, or barren, exposed moorland, so neither will the finny tribes—be the stream ever so pure and abundant—acquire size and condition unless sufficiently sheltered and amply and regularly provisioned. On the other hand, possessed of these advantages, they have all that is required in order to do them justice; while breeds or varieties of fish, hitherto pronounced shapeless and impracticable, will then, when transferred to more favored localities, become seemly in their proportions, active in their dispositions, and relishable, if not rich-tasted, as food.—p. 32

All this is excellent and true, and shows the folly of those who carry Loch Leven trout, or other fine varieties, to shallow moorland swamps, without bearing in mind that it is the local characters—that is, the food and physical constitution of certain lakes and rivers, which impress co-relative characters of excellence upon their finny inhabitants, and that it is in vain to transport the one, unless you can also convey the other. But we must ourselves hasten onwards, lest the spring season overtake us, and our tackle unprepared.

Mr. Stoddart, in his second chapter, expatiates on the materials of the angler's art, on gut, casting lines, knots, rods, reels, hooks, boots, pocket-books, boxes, gaffs, and panniers. But he says less than he ought to do regarding sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs. We cannot trust ourselves with the discussion at this time, either of the many points on which he enters, or the few he has omitted, but must refer our readers to the work itself. A word or two meanwhile regarding gut, and the dyeing of the same.

A man may as well go unarmed into battle, or with merely a switch in his hand, as approach a river worth wading into when his guts are not in good order. This precious and indispensable material is fabricated from the entrails of the silk-worm, chiefly in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Sicily, and the "Isles of Greece," and almost exclusively for the British market. The Spanish is the best, either from its being constitutionally finer, or more carefully prepared. The Sicilian is of great length, but it is of a coarser fabric, and is deficient in roundness and equality of texture. Gut, to be really good, must be round and equal in the thread, not lacteous but transparent, and free from film within, or flossy fibres outside. The most desirable to possess, and therefore, as generally happens, the most difficult to obtain, is the finer kind for trout-fishing, and the stronger sort for salmon.

The intermediate grades may be picked up anywhere at small expense.

In regard to the color of gut, Mr. Stoddart is of opinion, "from experiments made by himself at various times," that it is advantageous for the angler to employ stained or dyed gut, in preference to the material in its natural state. He has ascertained, also, that there are two colors, or rather tints, that take the precedence over all others in producing the desired effect; that is, concealing it from the vision of trout or salmon, as well as from the observation of the looker-on.

With regard to the experiments in question, they were made, some at the bridge below Coldstream, and others at Teviot Bridge, near Kelso, a party on each occasion being stationed to report on the key-stone of one of the arches, and immediately superintending the cast underneath. The conclusion I have come to is, that the walnut leaf, or brown dye, is best calculated for the purpose required; although, in a bright day, and in clear water, a bluish or neutral tinge is perhaps the most desirable.—p. 40.

Now, the question here comes to be, What is "the purpose required?" Is it to deceive the trout, or only the superintendent? If the latter, it is clear that the color which most resembles the bed of the river, if the water is shallow, or the color of the water itself if it is deep, will prove the most deceptive; and the superintendent, if trusting to his sense of sight alone, will be truly astonished to see large trout dragged ashore by means merely of a rod and a fly, the connecting link, or at least that portion of it commonly called the gut line, having "resolved itself into a dew," through the instrumentality of walnut juice. But if the object is to deceive the fish, which are by no means upon the key-stone of any of the arches, but in the waters beneath, and who see the line, it may be, under various aspects, but certainly most frequently as an object above them, interposed as a slender streak between themselves and the light of heaven, then is not the question of *translucence* rather than of color to be kept in mind, and our decision consequently determined in favor rather of whatever intercepts least light from the eye of the fish, than of what may appear least glaring to the vision of the man? The structure of the eye in man and fish is very dissimilar, and it is perhaps not quite fair to expect the one to achieve at once what the other has long been accustomed to; but we are certainly of opinion that it was the duty of the superintendent, if he was really in earnest in his business, to demit his *super-intendence* altogether, and, descending from the key-stone of the arch, betake himself to the bed of the river, and there ascertain what aspect his variously-tinted guts assumed when he himself was under water, in his proper capacity of a sub-aqueous-intendent. He must consent to place himself in the position of a fish, or as near it as he can, before he may reasonably hope to see things as a fish sees them. As to the point in question, we presume, that as clear and colorless gut is likely to prove the most translucent and least

interceptive, it is likely also to prove the most wily and least observable.

The false mode now noticed, of testing the perceptive powers of fishes by the results of our own senses, is in truth an error which pervades the very foundation of the art of angling. It lies at the bottom of all the false reasoning by which the *theory of imitation* of the natural fly is still maintained—a theory which of course supposes, in the first place, that an artificial fly is really quite like some natural one, even when the two are exhibited side by side; and not only so, but, secondly, that the same artificial fly, when diving furiously among the roaring waters, ascending against the current more frequently than it is descending with it, and crossing and re-crossing the running stream at right angles, and in all other directions with the greatest rapidity, the most perfect ease, and completest self-command, still appears to trout or salmon to be identical in kind with any poor drowning *musca*, of whatever sort, which may have fallen into the "hell of waters," and is there instantaneously swept downwards and away forever. Try the thing any fine day, by the side of some fair and flowing river. Pitch an actual fly of any kind into the current, and take notice whether its aspect or procedure resembles that of the artificial fly when worked by an angler who knows his trade, and is both able and willing to raise a fish. If the two objects in question do not present the same appearance, character, or mode of action, in a single feature, to the eye of any reasonable man, is it to be supposed that any fish will be found so unreasonable as to insist on detecting resemblances where none exist, and so foolish as to swallow, or attempt to swallow, an artificial fly in the afternoon, merely because it seems to it to be precisely the same as the natural insect which it had successfully swallowed in the morning? We have far too good an opinion of fish in general to suppose any such thing.

As two sets of opinions, somewhat dissimilar if not discordant, seem still afloat upon this subject, we may here discuss them briefly, although in reality they lead rather to a theoretical than a practical difference as respects the angler.

The older, and it may be still-prevailing idea regarding artificial flies was this, that they required to be made in precise and specific imitation of certain living species, each of the many hundreds in common use exactly resembling one in nature, (it was alleged,) and that the angler's success in his art resulted from the perfection of that resemblance, the fish being so misled by it as to mistake the one for the other. Hence has arisen the expensive and multitudinous stock of flies with which many fond anglers encumber themselves, carrying hither and thither a collection like a travelling museum for extent and variety. Hence, also, that "monthly calendar," in accordance with which, as nature changes, they too must needs change their imitation of nature—all this tending to render confused and complex a subject in itself simple and unencumbered. As it is certain that fish very fre-

quently take artificial flies, it is perhaps of less consequence what they mistake them for, the result being so far conclusive and satisfactory, that they are captured by a certain procedure, whether the theory be true or false. But that it is false we are very certain for many reasons, and this among the rest, that artificial flies—whatever their makers may intend or think—do not in truth resemble real ones at all, as we are well assured that no naturalist not an angler, if shown a wagon-load of them, could, to save his life, tell the name of a single species they were intended to represent; and many of those most successfully used in practice, having been in the first place invented either in sheer caprice, or the intentional defiance of every principle of imitation.

There is no harm in assigning to artificial flies the names of natural insects for distinction's sake; and there is not only no harm, but a deal of good, in using them under any name whatever, so soon as we have ascertained their killing attributes at any time or place; but don't let us give an erroneous reason for our success, instead of merely being grateful for it. In a purely pictorial illustration of the subject, it is very easy to draw, engrave, and color a real fly, and then perform the same process to an artificial one, placing the two side by side, and making the latter as like the former as we can, merely putting the end of a gut line in his mouth, and depicting a hook curving cunningly from its hinder end—because the same materials of art are in this case applied to each, and both are merely portraits, with a certain necessary air of resemblance. But if the artist acts conscientiously, and represents the real fly as like nature as he can, and the artificial one as like a dressed hook as he is able, then the delicate simplicity and unity of structure in the one will contrast so strongly with the strange dismantled fur-and-feather aspect of the other, that we are sure no living creature, either above or beneath the waters, will confound them. For example, in Mr. Ronalds' excellent and well-intended "Fly-fisher's Entomology," there is nothing at all approaching to a specific resemblance between his representations of the natural and artificial fly, as he exhibits them side by side. On the contrary, the resemblance is vague and general; and if so on paper, where both exist under the same conditions as to the materials by which they are represented, how infinitely greater must the difference be when they are compared in their actual and distinctive characters of art and nature, and composed of such dissimilar elements of form and structure.

We believe that Mr. Wilson was the first to give a distinct and systematic expression to the idea that fly-fishing ought not to be regarded exclusively as an art of imitation, and we therefore think it right to quote his views:—

It no doubt depends on deception, which usually proceeds on the principle of one thing successfully substituted in the likeness of another; but Bacon's distinctive definitions of simulation and dissimulation

place the subject in a truer light. As simulation consists in the adoption or affectation of what is not, while dissimulation consists in the careful concealment of what really is—the one being a positive, the other rather a negative act; so the great object of the fly-fisher is to dissimulate in such a manner as to prevent his expected prey from detecting the artificial nature of his lure, without troubling himself by a vain effort to simulate or assume with his fly the appearance of any individual or specific form of insect life. There is, in truth, little or no connection between the art of angling and the science of entomology; and therefore the success of the angler, in by far the greater proportion of cases, does not depend upon the resemblance which subsists between his artificial fly and the natural insect. This statement is no doubt greatly at variance with the expressed principles of all who have deemed fishing worthy of consideration from the days of Isaiah and Theocritus, to those of Carrol and Bainbridge. But we are not the less decidedly of opinion, that in nine cases out of ten, a fish seizes upon an artificial fly as upon an insect or moving creature *sui generis*, and not on account of its exact and successful resemblance to any accustomed and familiar object.\*

The author then naturally inquires on what principle of imitative art the different kinds of salmon-fly can be supposed to bear the most distant resemblance to any known species of natural insect? We fear he may still inquire in vain. It is certain that if, when out of the water, they in no way resemble any hitherto-discovered fly, they can never be imagined to present the likeness of one when themselves seen several inches under water, jerking up every stream and torrent "with the agility of an otter, and the strength of an alligator." As it is demonstrable that the artificial flies used for salmon bear no resemblance, either in form or color, to any existing one, it is natural to conclude that, in this instance at least, the fish proceed upon other grounds, and are deceived by an appearance of life and motion, rather than by a specific resemblance to anything which they had previously been in the habit of preying on. "What natural insect," Mr. Wilson asks, "do the large flies, at which sea-trout rise so readily, resemble? These, as well as grilse and salmon, frequently take the lure far within the bounds of salt-water mark; and yet naturalists know that no such thing as a salt-water fly exists, or at least has ever been discovered by their researches. Indeed, no true insect inhabits the sea."

We certainly agree with Mr. Wilson in thinking that an artificial fly can at the best be regarded only as the representative of a natural one, which has been, or is nearly, drowned, as it is impossible to imitate the dancing motion or hovering flight of the real insect over the stream; and even with this restricted idea of its resemblance to nature, the likeness must be scarcely discernible, according to the usual and most successful mode of angling, and would barely be so, even if an insane sportsman did nothing but drag his flies down the current, on purpose to make the fish believe that they were past all recovery, and could do nothing

\* *The Rod and the Gun*. New Edition. Page 7.

for themselves. When the far end of the line first falls upon the surface of the water, a fish may be deceived for a moment by the idea of a natural fly, (and this is one argument for light, rapid, and frequent casting,) although, if under some umbrageous wooded bank, it may be also thinking of a winged beetle, or even wingless caterpillar; but no sooner has the practitioner begun to make his insidious returns upwards, downwards, or across the river, than the character and conduct of his lure assume a change, and the trout, keen-eyed—yet under the necessity of a sudden seizure, or none at all—then darts upon its prey, not as a drowning insect wafted by wind or wave, but as an agile and fugacious creature inhabiting its own element, which, in a state of inconsiderate boldness, speedily punished and put an end to, had ventured too far from the protecting shore or sedgy bank. All anglers know that the greater number, and the larger fish, are generally killed by the tail-fly, which, during the usual process of angling, swims several inches under water. That there are determinate relations between artificial flies of certain dimensions, form, and color, and the particular conditions of a river in respect to size and season, is very true; and in an accurate acquaintance with these relations lies the value of local experience—knowledge being power; but that they are connected, not with the necessity of representing individual forms of insect life, or any strict analogies of nature, but rather with a general principle applicable to all deceptive arts, and peculiarly so to angling, the “*ars celare artem*,” is quite as true. Indeed, that angler’s flies, so roughly composed as they often are, and made up of fur and feathers, with silken heads, golden ribs, worsted bodies, hair legs, and steel tails, should be looked upon as identical in aspect with any of those frail and fragile forms, instinct with life, so light and airy in their motions that they seem to glide along the glittering waters more like motes of living light than creeping things, is a belief which we really cannot take upon ourselves either to credit, or convey to others.

Fly-fishing (observes the author last quoted) has been compared, though by a somewhat circuitous mode of reasoning, to sculpture. It proceeds upon a few simple principles, and the theory is easily acquired, although it may require long and severe labor to become a great master in the art. Yet it is needless to encompass it with difficulties which have no existence in reality, or to render a subject intricate and confused which is in itself so plain and unencumbered. In truth, the ideas which at present prevail on the matter degrade it beneath its real dignity and importance. When Plato, speaking of painting, says, that it is merely an art of imitation, and that our pleasure arises from the truth and accuracy of the likeness, he is surely wrong; for, if it were so, where would be the superiority of the Roman and Bolognese over the Dutch and Flemish schools? So, also, in regard to fishing: the accomplished angler does not condescend to imitate specifically, and in a servile manner, the detail of things; he attends, or ought to attend, only to the great and invariable ideas which are inherent in

universal nature. He throws his fly lightly and with elegance on the surface of the glittering waters, because he knows that an insect with outspread gauzy wings would so fall; but he does not imitate (or if he does so, his practice proceeds upon an erroneous principle) either in the air or his favorite element, the flight or the motion of particular species, because he knows that trouts are much less conversant in entomology than M. Latreille, and that their omnivorous propensities induce them, when inclined for food, to rise with equal eagerness at every minute thing which creepeth upon the earth, or swimmeth in the waters. On this fact he generalizes—and this is the philosophy of fishing.\*

We regard the mode of reasoning here adopted as fair enough, and on the whole the facts seem in favor of the philosophers, if we may be allowed to call them so; but as others are not of that opinion, we must listen to them also, on the just principle of “*Audi alteram partem*.” For example, the author of the “*Hand-Book of Angling*,” who rejoices in the fleeting name of *Ephemer*, adheres to the old doctrine, and thinks flies flies. We are sorry for him, but cannot help it.

Of late years, he observes, a new doctrine—in my opinion, a totally wrong one—has been sent forth about artificial flies. Some Scotch writers were the first promulgators of it, and they have carried it to ridiculous extravagance. They positively maintain that there is no likeness between the natural fly and the artificial one, and that, when natural flies are on the water, the angler will be more successful by using artificial flies as widely different from them in shape, color, &c., as may be. [The philosophers have never *gravely* gone this length.] A nondescript artificial fly will succeed better, they say, than a bad resemblance, and every attempt at imitation, in their opinion, produces at the best but a bad resemblance. These angling heretics contend that fish, rising at a natural fly, immediately detect—by comparison, of course—the bad imitation, and refuse to rise at it; whereas they will rise at some outlandish artificial that differs, more than chalk does from Cheshire cheese, from the living fly on the water. They say, that when they go fly-fishing they catch some of those flies that are on the water, and fish with artificial flies totally different from them, and invariably meet with more success than if they used so-called—as they name them—imitations. The majority of mankind are mad on one subject or another. Perhaps the majority of animals are equally so. These mad fly-fishers are successful, no doubt, because they meet with mad fish, which are more readily taken with fantastic flies than with naturally colored and shaped ones. That is the only way I can account for their heterodoxy. My friends, do not mind what these cracked sectarians say.—p. 48.

This is certainly a pleasant, easy, tooth-pick style of writing, although we do not venture to recommend its adoption by others, because, according to the theory to which we now incline, imitation is difficult, if not dangerous. He then proceeds to say, that in the month of October, 1846, a young relative of his own sent him a fly that had alighted on his paper, when he was sketching out

\* Ibid., p. 11.

of doors. He (the youthful relation) wanted to know its name :—

When the fly arrived, some boyish anglers were with me, and I told them to find amongst my artificial flies any one that they thought resembled the natural one in shape and color. Without more than necessary delay, and at the first guess, they picked out the right imitation. I then told them to look for the same fly in Alfred Ronalds' "Fly-fisher's Entomology." They did so; found the *drawing* and the imitation, and pronounced the natural fly "the gold-eyed gauzewing." They were right; and if boyish eyes, looking through nature's microscope, were right, think you fish would be wrong!

Now, this fly of which I am speaking, has a green body, with a slight yellow cast in it, four transparent reticulated wings, lying flat over the body, the two under wings being shorter than the upper, and these latter longer than the body of the fly. The head and eyes appear brightly burnished. You have seen an imitation cigar with its burning end, deceive the most knowing *connoisseur*. You have seen a glass filled with simulated brandy and water, invitingly undulating, as it was offered to a most accomplished judge, and taken by him unconsciously, until no smell or taste told him of the deception. You have seen man deceived by imitations, with his fine eye for shape and color—and yet the philosophers tell you fish cannot be so deceived.—p. 50.

This is not only fine writing, but approaches, powerful painting. It certainly exhibits several good groups, well fitted to afford subjects for a series of rather striking pictures of domestic life. "Artifice detected, or Hemerobius himself again," would delight the angler and entomologist; "The burning of Havana, or the smokeless smoker," would hold out a model to young men, whose maiden aunts mourn over the deteriorated smell of the rising generation; while "The accomplished Judge done brown," would show that the wisest as well as the weakest of mankind should never trust to mere appearances, and are often deceived thereby.

The insect above referred to, is *Hemerobius perla* of naturalists; a creature beautiful exceedingly, with delicate lace-like wings, a head and body of pale and ghostly green, and eyes lustrous as balls of living fire. It flies about in calm summer evenings, with wings broadly expanded, but of feeble force, owing to the extreme delicacy of their texture, and deficiency of muscular power; and hence it never stirs abroad in windy weather. It does not affect the river-side, but is rather a sylvan species, being found along the outskirts of woods, and in well-sheltered fields, and shrub-encircled gardens, laying its eggs, remarkable for the stalk-like elongations by which they are supported, on the leaves of lime trees. The instant it touches water with its ample wings, and very feeble thorax, it falls flat, helpless, paralyzed, upon the surface, as if deprived of every power of locomotion. We should like to see Ephemera's imitation of this species, which led to the discovery of its kind; but if it no more resembles the real one, than does Mr. Ronald's drawing of the artifi-

cial insect, then the "young relative" must indeed have been a sharp-sighted youth. Its body, we are told, is to be formed of "very pale green floss silk, tied on with silk thread of the same color," while the wings and legs, both of which are yellowish green in nature, are to be composed in art of "the palest *blue dun* hackle which can be procured." Ephemera no doubt improves the imitation of the organs of flight, by substituting the fibres of a young starling's wing-feather stained green—but then for the head, shining like a small though most effulgent light-house, he recommends "two or three laps of bright *brown* silk!" and all this in the way of a precise and specific imitation, not of a winged insect in general, but of *Hemerobius perla* in particular. We wonder how it works upon the water, and how like, after a minute's immersion, may be the pale green floss, bright brown silk, and stained fibre of the starling's wing, all dodging away diligently as one united and harmonious fly, to the fair and frail original, lying outspread upon the liquid surface in pearly though unconscious lustre. There is no manner of doubt that the trout will first swallow the real insect, and then attempt to swallow the artificial one, which, however, it will be debarred from doing by Ephemera himself (who we are sure is an excellent angler in practice, though on the point in question theoretically wrong) instantly striking the unexpected barb into its cheek or tongue, and landing it in less than no time. But this voracity on the part of the trout, however inexcusable, is in no way unaccountable. It merely prefers two morsels to one, however dissimilar these may be; and no person can (or at least ought to) suppose that it mistakes "the laps of brown silk" and other "furnishings," for the resplendent visage of the "gold-eyed gauze-wing." No sensible (if hungry) man refuses mutton-chops because he cannot conscientiously conceive them to be veal-cutlets. He will probably help himself to both, if placed within his reach, and if one or other should turn out to be not quite what he expected, he will no doubt upbraid the waiter, who will merely put his tongue in his cheek. Let him be thankful that he has not a hook in his own.

We fear from the concluding lines of the last quoted paragraph, "and yet the philosophers tell you fish cannot be so deceived," that Ephemera really does not understand the question, after all. Not only do "the philosophers" tell us fish can be so deceived, but they inform us that they are much more easily deceived than the disciples of the other school are aware of. Because the said philosophers, while admitting that fish are caught, and even asserting that they catch them now and then themselves, merely deny that artificial flies *specifically* resemble real ones, and so they all the more admit that trout are easily deceived by imitations of the most abominable, absurd, and outrageous nature, that it is possible for the mind of man to conceive, or his hands to execute.

According to Ephemera, birds are constantly

deceived by "the artificial fly." We have killed but few fowls of the air with rod and line, but we doubt not the thing is possible.

Swallows, martins, swifts, goldfinches, have darted at artificial flies, as the wind blew them about on the line, and have hooked themselves and been taken. It was only last year, that a dunhill cock [he should have had his hackles pulled] seized an artificial May-fly attached to an angler's rod, resting outside an inn at Buxton, and was caught. If birds take these imitations of water-flies, not being their natural or best food, how can it be argued that fish will not take them?—p. 52.

Certainly the argument will not be maintained by any man who fills his fishing-basket, or any portion of the same, however stubbornly he may insist that neither cocks nor hens take them because they exactly resemble their old friend *Hemerobius perla*, or any other flying thing.

The philosophers say, attempts at imitation are of no avail, for salmon and some of the salmonidae rise eagerly at artificial flies that resemble nothing living on earth, in air, or water. *That is true, and as yet unaccountable.* But dress those gaudy salmon-flies, or lake trout-flies, as small as you like, and the common trout and grayling will not rise at them.—p. 52.

With grayling, as it is not a Scotch fish, we have nothing now to do; but this we know, that with small salmon-flies, we have killed scores of common trout, and it is indeed our usual practice in grilse fishing, to angle not only the strong runs, and deeper waters where these fish lie, but also all the shallower pools and streams, as we pass along, for trout; and the last day we tried the Inver, on the west coast of Sutherland, although we killed only a couple of grilse, we captured eighteen excellent river-trout with the same fly. A day or two subsequently, while angling along a certain rocky range of shore at the head of Loch Assynt, in the hope of grilse, and with a grilse-fly as the drag, and a loch-fly as dropper, we killed a fine fresh-run grilse with the latter, and the majority of twenty-seven loch-trout with the former. We firmly believe Ephemera would have made a better day's work of it, either with his own flies, or any other person's.

The artificial May-fly is not a killing bait except under peculiar circumstances, and when thrown upon the water amongst the real flies, fish will generally prefer the latter. Use any other artificial fly, as unlike the May-fly as possible, and you will prove the theory of the philosophers to be erroneous, for fish will not rise at these unlike flies at all.—p. 53.

It is curious that we happened inadvertently to disprove the truth of this assertion before we knew it had been made. While fishing Loch Craggie, near Lairg, last June, the May-fly, commonly so called, was still upon the water, as it is a cold though kind country thereabouts, and the shores of the loch, in consequence of a heavy and continuous shower of hail, were on the 22d of that month for an hour or two as white as Nova Zembla. But on one of our more genial and successful days, when a gentle rippling breeze was

bringing the natural insects from a small scantling of silvery-stemmed birch-trees—the only wood in view—and we were floating our small craft down the Loch, we espied before us a pair of May-flies on the water, holding their wings erect and high, as if proud of their newly acquired though by no means safe position. In the indulgence of our own caprice, though with no desire to rival nature, far less eclipse that beautiful abstraction, we threw our cast of flies, all three fanciful, and two of them our own invention, beyond the "naturals," and then brought our line homewards, and between them, a little under water. Just as our own lures intercepted the loving pair, there was perceived a heavy gurgling bulge upon the surface, and old George Munro, keeper of Loch Craggie, who was working the boat as smoothly as in oil, said softly in Celtic Saxon, "She's like a grulsh." We knew it; and striking her fondly but firmly, after a few minutes' dalliance brought her first into the landing-net, and then into the boat, where she lay in such mild yet radiant freshness, that no mention could be made of pearls. She was of course not a grilse, (which, having no wings, cannot attain Loch Craggie,) and had never been to sea; but had nevertheless swallowed a huge sea-trout lure, resplendent with blue wings, a red body, a golden cincture, and a crimson tail, a thing, or rather combination of things, altogether more nearly resembling a footman than a fly, and the likeness of which assuredly was never seen alive on all the earth.

The above famous May-fly, (continues the persevering Ephemera,) so common in the rivers of the midland, the western, and the southern counties of England, is not so common in the north, is rare and even unknown in many of the best rivers of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. It would be in vain to fish with it there, which proves again that the common trout at any rate will not rise at nondescript things, which instinct informs them have no resemblance to their natural food.—p. 55.

A creature not previously seen in some particular locality, is not necessarily a nondescript. For many a long year we never met with even a bear or a Bengal tiger in any portion of the Scottish Highlands, and yet we did not consider them as nondescripts, for we had ourselves described them on several occasions with considerable accuracy; and when, during one still summer morning, while walking silently and in solitude, as is our wont, through the sombre pass of Killiecrankie, our astonished vision was dazzled by encountering team after team of richly-harnessed horses, six or eight pair to many a sumptuous carriage, all bright and burnished even like the golden chariots of the sun, with stately serving-men abreast on either side—what did we chance to see? Not one, but many tigers—the panther of the wilderness, with changeless spots—the broad-fronted lion, shaking the dew-drops from his shaggy mane, (not such as fell of old on Clavers' bloody field,) the elephant, wisest of beasts, with slow and solemn steps—and camelopard, "tall as the mast of some huge ammi-

ral," o'ertopping the young trees. These were by no means nondescripts, though erst unseen in Perthshire's woodland glades, but merely the subdued and money-making subjects of the "Lion King," Carter or Van Amburgh, we know not which, who was making his way between Blair-Atholl and Dunkeld, and onwards to Dundee. But this is a digression.

Supposing, however, that the May-fly is unknown in Scotland, and that being so, its imitation is a nondescript with which "it would be in vain to fish there," we can prove that in this case all is not vanity under the sun. We have no special fancy for the so-called May-fly, but we never used it in Scotland, either in loch or river, without finding it acquit itself very fairly in each. We may relieve Ephemera's mind, however, by informing him frankly that the natural fly is abundant in Scotland, and that the Scotch trouts, though, like the English ones, they "generally prefer the real flies," especially for a continuance, will take them also in the artificial state, in spite of our calling them May-flies, but certainly not in consequence of their thinking that they are so.\*

As we have stated our opinion that the majority of artificial flies do not in truth at all resemble real ones, and that many of the most fanciful and far from nature, are among the most successfully deceptive in art, we of course do not maintain the necessity of perfect, or even approximate imitation, which is so far fortunate, as we at the same time deny its possibility. But as Ephemera is of a totally different opinion, we shall conclude this portion of our subject by the following passage from the "Hand-Book," after which we don't think much more need be said on either side. After referring to the advantages to be derived from the study of Mr. Ronalds' "Fly-fisher's Entomology," and Mr. Blacker's "Art of Fly-making," the author proceeds—

Still we are not perfect in fly-making, nor shall we be so until some more pains-taking fly-dresser gets a collection of natural flies, examines them by means of the microscope, ascertains their precise color and anatomy, and then by microscopic examinations again of feathers, mohair, fur, and so forth, arrives at the exact imitative materials. When that is done, fly-fishing will be reduced to a sporting science exceedingly amusing and instructive. The young

\* We have ourselves invented some of the best loch-trout flies now in use, although we don't desire to dwell much on that matter. It is a good if not a great thing to be modest as well as meritorious; but we cannot refrain from here alluding to our latest, and not least ingenious application of science to art, in the way of a ground-bait. This consists of a small pellet, used like salmon roe, with which it may be intermingled, and made of chloroform paste. We name it "Simpson's Persuader," in honor of an Edinburgh Professor, who has successfully introduced the use of chloroform into other arts than those of angling. A trout no sooner takes one of these pellets into its mouth than it falls into a sweet sleep, and may be instantly drawn ashore, and put to death without its knowing anything more about it. We expect a first-class medal from the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and surely deserve it far more than do long-winded, wearisome clergymen their £10 apiece, for inflicting on their fellow-creatures the annual Gibsonian sermon on the subject.

man or woman fly-dresser, at present is merely acquainted with the mechanical part of the art, dresses from artificial specimens, knows little or nothing of the natural insect, and is rarely a good angler. They are copyists, and do not know whether that which they have to copy is a good likeness of the living subject or not. A fishing-tackle maker, to be a great and good one, should have an insect museum—each fly, caterpillar, or beetle, preserved in cases, named and numbered, and its season noted. From these models he should dress his flies; and when he finds he has succeeded in framing perfect copies, he should note down the materials he has used in their formation, and then he will have sure guides for the fly-dressers he employs. He should pay those persons well, and engage none who do not deserve high pay; and should charge his customers a remunerative price. The generality of flies are sold at too low a price. They cannot be made well at a low price; they must be defective in every way, and hence the purchaser meets with little success, much loss of time and of money, for cheap things are always the most expensive in the end.—p. 70.

The laborer is worthy of his hire—and we heartily wish each great and good fishing-tackle maker all success; may he have better pay, and never prick his fingers. But it is rather fearful to look forward to the result of such intense study of nature and of nature's works, under laborious microscopic investigations. Why, the world of waters will be covered with cunning Frankensteins, able and willing to give such life and motion to dead matter, that the very fish will be no less delighted than deceived. When the poor student, supping his cocky-leekie, discovered, when it was rather late, that he had swallowed a large black slug instead of a prune, his only observation was, "That will teach thee not to look so like a plumdams." We have no doubt that when Ephemera's flies are formed and finished off after the *super-natural* fashion above anticipated, they will be most amazingly run after under water; and that, in fact, it will be only by sheer inadvertence that a trout will condescend now and then to take a particularly pleasant-looking real unbarbed insect, and when he finds it go more smoothly down his throat than he expected, he may then gurggle in his gills, "that will teach thee not to look so like a fly."

It would seem, then, that the followers of the piscatorial art are at present divisible into two great schools or shoals—we shall not call them factions—the philosophers (*φίλος σοφία*) or lovers of wisdom, and the ephemerals (*ἑφήμερος*) or creatures of a day; and although we think that there is a good deal in this world that is falsely philosophical, as well as a great deal that is truly ephemeral, we confess that in relation to the present vexed question, (and we are sorry to have vexed it,) we take our side with the former on what we think a fixed foundation, rather than with the latter on one unstable as the element in which they stand. We shall now return to Mr. Stoddart.

Our impression at one time was, that this skillful practitioner, in respect to the theoretical views

above expounded, took up a kind of intermediate position, like those politicians, rather wily than wise, who don't attend tory meetings, and won't go to whig ones. But we did him injustice, and have come to the conclusion that he is quite upon the sound side. Even in his earliest work, the "Scottish Angler," we find as follows:—

A great deal has been offered upon this matter by various writers, which we deem absurd and unnecessary. Trout are no doubt nice and capricious feeders; but any pretensions in anglers to classify and distinguish their favorite flies, according to the month, are totally without reason. The colors of water and sky are the only indicators which can lead us to select the most killing hook, and even these are often deceptive. We have fished in one stream of a river when dark, and in the next when red flies took the lead. There is no trusting to the fancy in certain places. On Tweed, we have seen it veer about, like the wind, in one moment, without a note of preparation. Most rivers, however, are more steady; and when the water is of a moderate size, may be relied on with at most two sorts of flies all the year round. For ourselves, our maximum in every Scottish stream is reduced to only four descriptions of artificial flies, with one or other of which we engage to catch trout over all the kingdom. Knowledge and practice have convinced us of the needlessness of storing up endless and perplexing varieties, which some do, to look knowing and scientific.—p. 25.

In his recent work, our author speaks out still more plainly:—

In the preceding chapter I have sufficiently exposed to view my theory respecting the artificial fly, disclaiming the common notion, that it is quite imperative to construct it after a fixed, natural model, to adapt it to hours and seasons, or, except in the matter of size, to extend the variety beyond a very limited and clearly-defined range.—p. 98.

He elsewhere remarks, how tantalizing it is, while angling, to be approached, almost within a rod's length, by numbers of feeding trout, and yet find oneself unable to secure even half a dozen of the smallest.

How, then, (he asks,) is this to be obviated? Fully and sufficiently it cannot; but in a certain measure, I have reason to think, it may, and that by the adoption of a different size and species of fly from the one astir. Instead, for instance, of an artificial March-brown, let the angler use a dark-colored hackle or hare-lug, dressed upon No. 4, Kendal wire.—p. 87.

When alluding to night-fishing during sultry weather in June and July, he observes, that it is not necessary that the fly should have "any definite color, or that it be made, as many suppose, to resemble a small moth. I have found black, brown, and hare-lug flies equally as effective as white and yellow ones."—p. 90. And when referring to the black and brown hackles, as forming, in his opinion, along with the hare-lug, the three foundational or essential flies, he adds as follows:—

It cannot be denied, that in the case of the hackle-fly, the wing, insel, and dubbing, whether

of silk or wool, possess, on many occasions, an attractive influence over trout: nay, even a combination of these without hackle at all, may constitute a taking lure; but what is proved by all this, but that fish are allured, not on account of the close resemblance which the artificial hook is designed to have to particular insects, appropriate to particular months and seasons, but from other causes of a different nature. These are size, motion, form, and color; the latter qualification being the one upon which, by introducing certain well-tried standards, my classification, as regards the artificial fly, has been conducted.—p. 93.

Mr. Stoddart, therefore, now derides, and justly, the absurdities of those who, exulting in the possession of five or six dozen varieties of insect imitations, consume the prime portion of the day in testing their attractive powers, now unlooping one because it is too dark, then another because it is too light, and "attaching in turn the latest urban conceit, redoubted as a killer, the fail-me-never of some sporting parson or half-pay hero."

What, I naturally ask, (he continues,) are the notions of such anglers with respect to the tastes, or, it may be, the optics of the trout? Do they suppose this fish, in regard to its surface food, so singularly capricious as to refuse all others but the insect of the day—so whimsical, as even to resist the claims of hunger itself, unless wrought on by the appearance of some peculiarly streaked water-fly? Do they fancy it discriminative of every shade or hue in the wing, body, and feelers of its prey?

The experience of twenty years and upwards has led to the conviction, on my part, that a stock consisting of three, or at most four, diversities of trouting flies, is quite sufficient to insure success at all seasons on any of our lakes and streams. I am talking of diversities, and, in doing so, allude to the color, shape, and material of the imitation employed—not at all to its size; that I leave to be wholly regulated by circumstances, such, for instance, as the season of the year, the low or flooded state of the water, calms or winds, &c.

The fly-stock of the trout-fisher may then, I opine, in point of color, be restricted, without detriment, to the following varieties:—

1. The red or brown hackle, with or without wings.
2. The black hackle. do. do.\*
3. The hare-lug or water-mouse body, with wings.

These, as noted down, are essentially the ground work of a killing fly-stock. They are the elements

\* In regard to the above alternative of "with or without wings," we should say decidedly, in almost all cases, *with wings*. The so-called spider-flies, Palmers and other *apterous* species, do very well while under the influence of motion, but when they come to a stand still, as they must often do, especially when the angler is fishing with a long line in quiet waters, they assume a very lifeless inorganic aspect, as if they were merely small incipient bottle-brushes, or tufts of dingy thistle down. But a neat, compact, somewhat slender pair of wings, look well when travelling through the water, and give, moreover, during momentary pauses, a steady and substantial aspect, like that of a fly well to do in the world, and therefore worth victimizing. We have more than once seen a trout pursue a wingless tail-fly from the side of a stream into still water, when, motion having ceased, it detected the feathery disarray, and passing onwards, engulfed one of the droppers equally in a state of rest, but more substantially dressed, and *winged*.

most requisite in the construction of those lures, which pedant authors on angling have chosen to dignify with entomological names, and by the addition as well as substitution of other materials, increase and vary to such a degree, that all count of what really is a taking and trustworthy fly is overwhelmed in their teaming and bulky store page."—p. 77-8.\*

Pass we the chapters "on worm-fishing for trout;" "on trouting with minnow, and parr-tail;" "on angling with the salmon roe;"—and let us approach with respect bordering upon awe, chapter 9—"The Salmon."

We shall not inflict upon our readers what ought by this time to be to them the well-known history of this princely species. Is it not recorded in the books of Shaw and Young? But is it not mis-stated in the book of Thomas Tod Stoddart? Somewhat, we opine, and shall ere long proceed to prove.† In the mean time, let us consider briefly the subject of angling for salmon, as discussed by Mr. Scrope, the said T. T. Stoddart, and other worthies.

A rod which is characterized by length and strength, of course enables the piscator to effect a far cast, and this is of advantage in deep and broad rivers, where wading, if not dangerous, is at least unadvisable. On the other hand, the additional fatigue of wielding a heavy rod must be considered in a long day's work, as the muscular action of the back and arms is not inexhaustible, and a sense of pain and weariness does not add either to the pleasure or productiveness of sport. No doubt

"The labor we delight in physics pain;"

out when a rod of sixteen or eighteen feet gives a reasonable command of a river, it is well to be satisfied with that extent. The great use of a long rod, is not only to afford a far cast with a heavy

\* In the "Scottish Angler," Mr. S. had previously stated, that "foremost is the fly commonly called the Professor, after Professor Wilson of Edinburgh. The wings are formed of a mottled brown feather, taken from the Mallard or wild drake; the body is of yellow floss silk, rather longish, [the body, not the silk, which is trig and tightly wimpled,] and wound about close to the head with a fine red or black hackle; tails are often used, but we think them unnecessary. Instead of a yellow silk body, we sometimes adopt one of pale green, especially in loch fishing."—p. 25. In the "Angler's Companion," the author gives rather less prominence to the Professor than his unabated powers deserve. We used him much and most advantageously last season; and in Loch Craggie, and other northern quarters, found him, when of good size, and dressed with the coils of red hackle coming well on to the forepart of the chest, a more killing lure than his darker and more bulky bodied companion, "Green Mantle." Having a great admiration, in common with the rest of the reading and reel-using public, for both the actual and the artificial Professor, we take this opportunity to state, that in respect to each the feeling referred to is rather increased than diminished.

† The exposition above referred to, of what we conceive to be Mr. Stoddart's erroneous views regarding the production of salmon, and the growth of parr, is already written, and formed in fact a portion of the present article, the length of which, however, it so unduly extended, as to make the insertion of the whole at once inconsistent with other editorial arrangements. We have, therefore, reserved certain critical inquiries connected with the physiological and natural history of salmon, until next number.

line, but to enable the angler to hold that line well up out of the way of projecting rocks or stones, when the fish makes a long and rapid run over a rough country, and cannot be kept up with in consequence of the broken nature of the ground. You also weary him out all the sooner by the additional weight which may be brought to bear upon him by firm holding, by "giving the butt" as the backward position of the rod is called, without endangering the tackle. But with a slight or single-handed implement, (we have frequently killed *fish*,\* from ten to fourteen pounds weight, with a rather delicately constructed trout-rod, which measures only thirteen feet four inches,) greater caution and a few minutes more time are needed; and it may happen that during these few minutes the slim portion of skin or tendon, by which the prey is held, if slightly hooked, gives way, and although the line is lightened, the angler's heart becomes heavy with hope deferred. So, as delays are dangerous, the quicker a salmon can be killed the better. At the same time we admit that Captain — is an excellent and successful angler, and he always uses a single-handed rod—but then his chief reason for so doing is not of a guiding nature to others, but rather personal to himself, as he served throughout the peninsular war, and came home with only one arm.

The length of the line should also be in some measure regulated by that of the river, although ten or twenty yards, more or less, make little difference in the weight of the tackle, and it is well to be provided for a *run*, although fish don't go so far as foxes. From ninety to a hundred and thirty yards, probably include the utmost that may be required, as well as the least that it is safe to trust to. It should taper for a few yards at the extremity, which makes the casting portion somewhat lighter, and produces a more delicate gradation towards the gut-line. But it should surely not be "thick in the middle, and taper towards each end," as Ephemera hath it, as this would cause additional weakness, in proportion as the line was well run out.

Of the color of gut we have already spoken. As to its being used single or double, that must depend upon its quality. First-rate single gut is sufficient, with skill and carefulness, to kill a salmon to its heart's content; but we think the *gradation* just referred to, makes it rather advisable to have at least the upper portion double for a few links adjoining the reel-line. If the river is rough and rocky, and genuine salmon-gut of prime quality cannot be had, then the entire casting-line should be double.

In regard to the choice of flies, the first thing is to endeavor to forget that there is such a thing as a natural fly on the face of the earth. You may then, by assiduous and observant practice on your own part, conjoined with reasonable though not too pertinacious inquiry from others who are

\* In anglers' phraseology, the term *fish* is only applied to grilse and salmon, and never to fresh-water trout however large and resplendent these may be.

locally experienced, obtain a knowledge of the artificial kinds. That some flies are better than others there is no doubt, but it is extremely difficult to say beforehand, which may prove the most successful, so variable are the fancies of salmon, and apparently so regulated by the state of the river, of the weather, or of other things it may be of an atmospheric nature—unappreciable by our less delicate perceptions.

When a man toils a long time without success, (says Mr. Scrope,) he is apt to attribute his failure to the using an improper fly, so he changes his book through, till at last, perhaps, he catches fish. The fly with which he achieves this, is naturally a favorite ever afterwards, and probably without reason: the cause of success might be in the change of air and temperature of the water; and the same thing would probably have occurred if he had persevered with the same fly with which he began. When the night has been frosty, salmon will not stir till the water has received the genial warmth of the day; and there are a thousand hidden causes of obstruction, of which we, who are not fish, know nothing.

As an instance, I once fished over a short stream above "The Webbs," in Mertoun Water, without having an offer. Being convinced there were fish in it, I went over it a second time with the same fly immediately afterwards, and caught two salmon and two grilse. Now, if I had changed my fly, as is usual, the success would naturally have been attributed to such change. But observe, I do not mean to assert that all flies are equally successful, for there must obviously be a preference, however slight; but I mean merely to say, that a failure oftener occurs from atmospheric variations than from color of the fly. Yet an occasional change is always advisable, particularly if you have had any offers; since the fish, in so rising, having perhaps discovered the deception, will not be solicitous to renew their acquaintance with a detected scamp. *After all, the great thing is to give the appearance and motion of a living animal.\**

This is all as true as steel. The italics are our own, as we love the sentiment, which we had expressed almost in the very same words long before we had seen Mr. Scrope's work, and when we were as ignorant of his ideas as he of ours.

Another person's fly sometimes proves more successful than the angler's own—at least we found it so the last day save one on which we fished the famous river Shin. We had left Lairg at five o'clock of a fine grey July morning, and the dog-cart took us four miles down the river in a few minutes, as we wished to angle the lower pools between the waterfall and Shin Bridge. It was Monday—the best day in the week for sport in that quarter, as net and cobble are at rest at the river's mouth throughout the preceding day, and so an extra number of fresh-run fish have generally made their way upwards into stream and pool. We thought the day our own, as we knew of no one on the water (with permission) except our-

selves, and so we descended to the river-side, and took our station by a well-known rush of water. Just as we commenced casting into the neck of the stream, we perceived that we had been anticipated, even at that early hour, for there stood at the tail of it a tall stranger, clad in tweeds from top to toe, whom we had actually seen a few minutes before, but had taken for an aspiring crag, so like was his pervading color to the rocky cincture of that roaring river. It was by mere chance that we had not stepped in before rather than behind him, which would not have accorded with piscatorial politeness. We fished the stream more quickly and carelessly than we should else have done; and as the "great unknown" passed downwards we did so too, in the hope of picking up what he might leave. We happened to have our eye upon him when he commenced the next stretch, which he had no sooner done than he raised a fine fish that came at him like a great wedge of blue and silver, making itself distinctly heard even amid the voice of many waters, for the banks were now high, rocky, and resounding from afar. However, it appeared that he had either missed his fish, or his fish had missed him, for no direct communication had been established between them. The angler then paused a minute—whether wisely or no we cannot take upon ourselves to say—but pause he did, drew up his line, took off his fly, unfolded his capacious pocket-book, appended to his line another lure, and tried the cast again. But this time he essayed in vain, for salmo, taking the sulks, had sunk beneath the darkening waters, and the turbulent stream pursued its course, unbroken but by its own uproarious nature, and its rocky shores. The piscator passed again downwards, and we also descending, came upon the spot which he had left. With one leg planted in the water, and another on a ledge of protruding rock, we were just about to try our chance, when we espied beneath our upraised foot, just as we were setting it for firmness sake on the aforesaid ledge, a beautiful and highly finished Irish fly, really a splendid piece of work, elaborate with the fantastic feathering of guinea-fowl, golden-pheasant, king-fisher, blue and buff maccaw, and other "birds of gayest plume." It had dropped unwittingly from the fingers of our aspiring predecessor, and was, we presumed, the very lure at which the salmon had just made so bright a lounge, and which its ungrateful, inconsiderate master had suddenly discarded and deposed, as if the fly had been to blame. We considered within ourselves, that if the fish had risen once so keenly, in like manner it might rise again, and so taking off our own property, we substituted the piece of "treasure trove," and cast it on the waters. Truly we found it again ere many minutes, for scarcely had it hung a few seconds pretty well within the edge of the off-side of the stream, than up rose salmo like an aurora-borealis, and away he went down the water, with a fly in his mouth which was certainly neither his nor ours. However, we gave him line liberally, (it was our own,) and strode along the rocks as fast as we were able. He went

\* *Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in the Tweed.* By William Scrope, Esq., p. 123. Neither the reader in general, nor the angler in particular, whether for amusement or information, can consult a better work than the beautiful one now named.

at once down to the tail of his own stream, stopped, turned, gave a surly indefinite kind of plunge, as if he were both fish and fowl, but instead of returning upwards as we expected, he had merely made a somerset under water, and then went away down again, like a congreve rocket, through a narrow rush of water between two rocks, and into a dark and deep capacious pool below. This was precisely what he ought to have done, for we knew this bit of water as well as he did, or rather better, as we had been always near, and often in it, for a fortnight; whereas, not being a member of the Sabbath Alliance, he had come up the day before. Time and types are wanting to tell all he did, (we say nothing of ourselves,) but after working him steadily for about sixteen minutes, he began to *wamble* through the water, and to show rather that his sides were deep and silvery, than that his back was broad and blue. We ere long led him gently into quiet water, towards the central side of that capacious pool, where our predecessor was still standing in his tweeds; and at the feet of that predecessor, our sagacious friend and follower, "the miller," gaffed and laid him down—a beautiful fish which might have been the stranger's own, and with a fly in his mouth, which assuredly had been so. He kindly informed us of what we were previously well aware, that he had raised that same salmon himself not half an hour before, and requested leave to look at our fly. When we showed it, none the worse for wear, he looked at it reproachfully, and declared it was a perfect fac-simile of the one with which he had so nearly struck the fish himself, and which was then in his pocket-book. The first clause of the verse was very true—it was really as like as possible; the second was perhaps open to some cavilling objection, but as we are not ourselves of an argumentative turn of mind, we said nothing more upon the subject.

The mode of casting and working the fly can only be attained by practical experience, often dearly bought. Mr. Stoddard says well—

never allow the hook itself to plough or ruffle the surface of the water. By the trout-fisher, whose lures are in point of size comparatively insignificant, this may be done occasionally without any bad result; but a salmon fly thus worked will generally occasion distrust or terror, and seldom prove inviting.

Salmon-angling is a much more slow and solemn occupation than trouting. Although a *fish* will sometimes take the fly upon the very surface, and almost the moment it arrives there, it more frequently *waits for it* under water, and after it has been allowed to course some portion of the stream. Deep and slow fishing is certainly more advisable than a superficial hasty style, although both extremes are bad. Although a salmon when sharp-set will no doubt follow a fly, and so go somewhat out of his way to obtain it, yet on the whole he prefers its being put honestly before him, which can only be done designedly when his own special haunt is known. But there is generally what may be called a likely portion of the water, and there

the fly should take its patient and insidious courses—sometimes a solemn semi-circular sweep—then a coy attempt to escape by gently jousting upwards—while ever and anon it should hang as if enamored in the stream, or even be dropt suddenly a foot or two downwards, and then recovered cautiously again. These and many more manœuvres must be called forth and regulated by the particular nature of the "pure element of waters" in which the angler may be standing for the time—an onward or at least continuous movement being advisable in the comparatively still reaches of a river, while the dallying or hovering action suits the more rapid and perturbed streams. On the whole, the upward or longitudinal motion, more or less varied, seems more successful, if not more deceptive, than the transverse. A river is seldom as broad as it is long; and if a salmon sees a nice-looking artificial fly (we never saw them rise at a real one) it will prefer following it up the deeper channel of the stream or current, to turning shorewards for it, with the risk of finding itself in shallow water, and wasting its silver sheen upon the gravel. That the hovering or hanging system is a good one, we had a couple of years ago occasion to exemplify, as follows. The reader will again excuse a "personal narrative," though not by Humboldt.

We were angling on the river Inver with two friends, and had taken up our own position on the cruive-dyke which crosses that river about a mile and a half above Loch Inver. The principal stream was running impetuously beneath our feet, as we had commenced casting, for the sake of firm and comfortable footing, from off the boards which formed the roof of the cruive itself. We could thus command not only the centre of the current, but both its sides. However, we threw away for some time without raising a fish. Our two companions had taken up their station somewhat lower down, and were casting from the leftward shore. From their position, and working, as they were obliged to do, at right angles to the stream, although they could put their flies well into the nearer side of the current of strong water, they could not *hang* them there, because before that process can be effected, the line must fall away downwards till it is nearly at right angles with the rod, at least if the angler is casting across the water. The centre of that lower portion of the stream looked very inviting, but as it was beyond our own reach by ordinary casting, and besides, by courtesy, belonged for the time being rather to our friends than ourselves, we indulged in no covetous designs regarding it. But after nearly an hour of unsuccessful labor on the part of the triumvirate, our companions laid down their rods upon the sloping heathery bank behind, and themselves on a more smooth and open spot of turfy verdure, and soon was the surrounding air made odorous by the softly spreading vapor of cigars. We thought there was now no harm in trying the central portion of the tail of the stream, *per fas aut nefas*. And this we did without moving from our position

on the cruive, but not by casting, which the distance made impossible. We simply let out with the hand the requisite length of reel-line, which the swift coursing water carried speedily away downwards, with our fly at the far end, and in this way we soon reached the desired portion of the stream. We had scarcely *hung* our fly for a few seconds with a waving motion in the precise piece of water which had so often been traversed by *cross* angling so immediately before, than we raised and hooked a fine fresh-run fish. Our only fear now was of his taking himself down the water, as our line was already far spent, and we could not very rapidly have made our way along the large stones of the cruive-dyke, and up a steep rough knoll on the river-side, between the end of that dyke and the lower portion of the stream where the fish had been hooked, and was now gambolling. But he behaved most considerably, went splashing downwards at first for a few yards, (we had very few to spare, but of this the salmon was probably not aware,) and then came towards us just fast enough to admit of our reeling in a bountiful supply of line, and then, after cutting his capers for ten or twelve minutes within reasonable distance, he ran his snout close in shore, where he grubbed about for the first and last time, being speedily gaffed by one of our companions.—P. S. No sooner was our fly taken out of his mouth, and set at liberty, than we again pursued a similar course, and immediately raised, hooked, and killed another fish, exactly in the same manner. We never moved from our position a single inch the whole time. Now, there is no doubt that both of these salmon had seen and resisted two excellent and very taking flies, brought skilfully over them, but cross-ways, and somewhat too rapidly, many times immediately before we hooked them. So much for *hovering*.\*

We suppose we must now wind up, as we doubt not our readers are sufficiently exhausted, and we ourselves have other fish to fry. But as we have hitherto been giving only our own notions, let us finish off with a few passages from others of greater wisdom, and more enlarged experience. The following are Mr. Stoddart's recommendations how to act on *raising a fish* :—

When fly-fishing for salmon, the angler requires to have a general notion of where his hook is, and how it traverses the stream or pool; but this is all. To watch it minutely is not necessary. By doing so, the eye is frequently brought into opportune contact with the fish itself when rising. It detects its pursuer before the salmon has seized the fly; and, as a natural consequence, the rods-man, in the surprise or flutter of the moment, is very apt either to draw away his hook by a sudden or violent jerk, or else to check its progress for the moment, and allow opportunity for the fish to discern the deception. In trout-fishing with the fly, we can scarcely, in the event of a break on the surface, strike too rapidly. It is different in salmon-fishing. Here one should not alter the motion of the hook, until he is actually made sensible of the presence of the fish, by feeling his weight upon the line; nor even then is there

\*The compositor has three times made this word *hovering*, but we have got it right at last.

any act of exertion required on the part of the angler, further than the simple raising of his rod, in order to fix the hook. When force is applied, or any motion approaching to a jerk made use of, the chances are, that either the line itself, or the jaw of the fish gives way; whereas, a line of mere ordinary strength, and the tenderer parts of the mouth, will always sufficiently resist the slight impulse which is required in order to hook salmon. But I need not say more on this matter, for it will become natural to one practising on a salmon-river, and travelling the fly properly, to strike, as it were with effect, and also to make the most of such rises or attempts on the part of fish to seize the hook, as indicate something faulty in its humor or vision.—p. 264.

In regard to the practice of changing the fly, when a salmon has risen and missed his aim, our author thinks as follows :—

For my own part, I am commonly content to find out a killing fly in the one which induces a fish to rise; and the reason I have for substituting another, should a salmon merely break the surface without taking hold, is not that I expect the substitute to prove a whit more enticing, but I would do all in my power to prevent the distrust and alarm, possibly consequent upon a repeated transit of the identical lure. This distrust, however, be it noted, is only a possible event, as regards the fly-hook in question; and the substitution of another, so far from acting as a counter charm, may, on the contrary, operate strongly to my prejudice, occasioning or confirming the very alarm I am endeavoring to suppress.

The expediency, therefore, of changing the fly immediately over a grilse or salmon, on the failure of its attempt to take hold, is very questionable; nor although occasionally acting on it, am I a slave to the practice. If led to believe that the fish has missed his aim, less from shyness than over-keenness, or, it may be, owing to the inconvenience of place or position, the rapid nature of the current, improper management of the line, or other cause, most assuredly I would not change the fly over him, until convinced that he had no inclination to rise a second time; even then I should be chary of trusting a new hook without allowing him an interval of rest, not shorter than a quarter of an hour. In passing, however, the first fly over him a second time, I would use little or no delay. The humor he is in for rising at it has already been tested, and there is some possibility of its subsiding, should the opportunity be given. Was I convinced, however, that the fish started, came towards the hook in a dubious distrustful mood, I would then most assuredly allow him a reasonable respite of some minutes, and at the same time substitute another fly of smaller dimensions—I do not say less gaudy in appearance, but rather the contrary; for it is well-known, in respect to Scottish rivers, that the Irish fly, with all its glitter, is most killing under a clear sky, and on low limpid water; while the Scottish one, sober in hue, develops its attractive powers in dull windy weather, and not unfrequently when the streams are of a deep porter color, the delight of the trout-fisher's eye. This refused, I would experiment according to the state of the river, with a larger one, and finally, as a last resort, recur to the hook first employed.—p. 266.

We dare not now venture on any comparison between the peculiar pleasures afforded by our great southern river the Tweed, and such as are yielded

by our more northern waters. No stream in Britain equals the Tweed for the *quantity* of killing sport that may be obtained in it, especially if under the auspices of the powers that be. We are ourselves practically norse-men, the "northern powers" having hitherto accorded every kindness both to ourselves and friends. And is not the *quality* or nature of that northern sport the more intellectual and exciting of the two? We think it is, and so does our ingenious "Scottish Angler," even although his household hearth, and all his home affections, are now concentrated by the banks of the great border river.

When I speak, however, of salmon-fishing, (says Mr. Stoddart,) I renounce all allusion to it as practised under that name by the aristocratic frequenters of certain portions of the Tweed. To those who live at a distance from this river, the feats recorded and vaunted of from time to time by these noble piscatores, may appear, as displays of skill and craft, highly creditable to the parties engaged. To the spectators of them, they are, in many instances, next thing to farcical, quite undeserving the name and character of feats of sport, and in reality are no more the achievements of those professing to execute them, than Punch and Judy is the veritable, unassisted performance of a set of wooden puppets.—p. 246.

But I come to the description of the sport itself, so termed, although in my opinion but partially entitled to that designation, so far, at least, as regards the possession of skill and judgment on the part of the angler, and also in respect to the kind of salmon forming the majority of those killed, and which, in the spring season, consist, with comparatively few exceptions, of kelts, and baggits. These, although they sometimes run long and sullenly, are very far from having the activity of clean-run salmon; moreover, they are totally unfit, after being captured, for human use, retaining neither the internal curdiness nor rich taste of properly conditioned fish. As exercising, moreover, the ingenuity of the sportsman, they are quite at fault, possessing a voracity that, on occasions of great success, induces disgust and satiety rather than satisfaction or triumph.

For my own part I would rather capture in spring a single newly-run salmon than a whole boat-load of kelts. Yet these, and no others, are the fish frequently vaunted of as affording, under the name of salmon, amusement to some brainless boaster, some adept by purchase, not by skill, in the noble art of angling. For, let me ask, what all the science displayed by this sort of salmon-slayer consists of? Is he versed in the mysteries of rod and tackle, taught by experience what fly to select—when, where, or how to fish? Is this amount of knowledge at all necessary? Nothing of the kind. The performer has no will or say in the matter. In every act, in the choice of his fly and casting-line, in the position and management of the boat, he is under the control of the tacksman. By him he is directed where to heave his hook, and, if a novice, how. Nothing is left for his own fancy or discretion. He has forfeited all freedom of action. Nay more, he is fettered with the presence of his griping taskmaster. Enough it is that he pays, and that handsomely, for the sport so termed, of hauling within reach of the gaff-hook a miserable kelt or two, which, when secured, he sees no more

of, and is unable, unless by purchase, to exhibit as a trophy to his friends.—p. 248.

That salmon-fishing, as practised from the boat on Tweed, is upon the whole a very agreeable recreation, affording exercise and some measure of joyous excitement to the person engaged in it, I do not mean to deny; but it is not, to my mind, nearly so pleasurable or satisfactory a sport as when pursued on foot. Give me a stream which I can readily command, either from the bank, or by means of wading—a dark, hill-fed water, like the Lochie or the Findhorn, full of breaks, runs, pools, and gorges—give me the waving birch-wood, the cliff and ivied scaur, tenanted by keen-eyed kestrel or wary falcon—more than this, give me solitude, or the companionship—not less relishable—of some ardent and kindred spirit, the sharer of my thoughts and felicity—give me, in such a place, and along with such an onlooker, the real sport of salmon-fishing—the rush of some veteran water monarch, or the gambol and caracol of a plump new-run grilse, and talk no more of that monotonous and spiritless semblance of the pastime, which is followed by the affluent, among the dubs and dams of our border river.—p. 250.

And now, what says that accomplished painter and piscator, Mr. Scrope, whose very mind and body both have been steeped for twenty years in Tweed's fair streams, and who has immortalized himself by those immortal waters? We shall not put him to the question, nor the question to him, although we dare to say that "his heart's in the Highlands,"—at any rate, he confessedly prefers all running streams, wherever placed, to the injurious and rebounding sea.

No; the wild main I trust not. Rather let me wander beside the banks of the tranquil streams of the warm south, "in the yellow meads of Asphodel," when the young spring comes forth, and all nature is glad; or if a wilder mood comes over me, let me clamber among the steepes of the north, beneath the shaggy mountains, where the river comes foaming and raging everlastingly, wedging its way through the secret glen, whilst the eagle, but dimly seen, cleaves the winds and the clouds, and the dun deer gaze from the mosses above. There, amongst gigantic rocks, and the din of mountain torrents, let me do battle with the lusty salmon, till I drag him into day, rejoicing in his bulk, voluminous and vast.\*

As usual, Mr. Scrope is right. Both are best, and we ought to accept of either with grateful hearts.

"Farewell!—a word that must be, and hath been, A sound which makes us linger."

We request Mr. Scrope to give us the benediction.

Farewell, then, dear brothers of the angle; and when you go forth to take your pleasure, either in the mountain stream that struggles and roars through the narrow pass, or in the majestic salmon-river that sweeps in lucid mazes through the vale, may your sport be ample, and your hearts light! But should the fish prove more sagacious than yourselves—a circumstance, excuse me, that is by no means impossible; should they, alas!—but fate

\* *Days and Nights, &c.*, p. 87.

avert it—reject your hooked gifts, the course of the river will always lead you to pleasant places. In these we leave you to the quiet enjoyment of the glorious works of the creation, whether it may be your pleasure to go forth when the spring sheds its flowery fragrance, or in the more advanced season, when the sere leaf is shed incessantly, and wafted on the surface of the swollen river.\*

From the Spectator.

COUNT DE LASTEYRIE'S AURICULAR CONFESSION †

Is an attack upon the Papacy and the Jesuits, in the form of a philosophic history. An Englishman, possessed by a similar object, would have written a treatise on the evils and abuses of the confessional, confining himself to the predicable mischief likely to arise from the institution of celibacy, the power exercised and the opportunities enjoyed by the confessor; and then would have shown how his deductions were proved, by such facts as have been recorded before the tribunals of various countries in various ages. But this was too limited a field to satisfy the ambition of a Frenchman. The Count De Lasteyrie takes a larger survey. He traces the history of confession through the Eastern and Pagan nations of antiquity, as well as among the Jews and primitive Christians; showing that with them confession (he rather means admission—acknowledgment‡) was for the most part public and general. It was not till late in the middle ages that auricular confession became a practice, and then a sacrament; the idea being taken, not from the Scriptures, but the Pagan mysteries, where the initiated confessed to the priest. Having thus displayed his reading, and shown, though by no means for the first time, that enforced confession has no Scripture warrant, he proceeds to exhibit its abuses. This he does from the records of the Romish Church as contained in Papal bulls and the prices affixed for the remission of sins, (where formal offences against the power of the priesthood are charged higher than crimes against morality,) as well as from the writings of the casuists, and the records of the Inquisition, or of the lay tribunals in Spain, Italy, and France.

From deficient mastery, the extent of the subject in proportion to the space allotted to it, the nature of parts of that subject, involving as they do so much that is indecent and shocking, or from all combined, the rottenness of the principle is much better shown than the abuse in the practice of auricular confession. The cases brought forward are mostly resolvable into the low state of morality in the age and country in question, or they

\* *Ibid.*, p. 254.

† The History of Auricular Confession, Religiously, Morally, and Politically considered, among Ancient and Modern Nations. By Count C. P. De Lasteyrie. Translated under the Author's especial sanction, by Charles Gocks, B. L., Professor Brevete of the University of France, translator of Michelet's "Priests, Women, and Families," &c. In two volumes.—*Bentley*.

‡ Paul, for example, had no occasion to own the facts of his persecutions—they were known well enough; but he might acknowledge his transgression; and so on of any other convert who had been a persecutor of the church, an evil liver, or was detected in offence.

are clearly exceptions to the general course of things, like any other monstrous crime—although exciting greater horror from the sanctified character of the priest and the opportunities his sacred function afforded. M. De Lasteyrie quotes from the report of an inquiry instituted during the last century into the conduct of a convent in Tuscany; but the nunneries of Italy were, like the country at large, notoriously corrupt in morals before the French Revolution, whatever they may be now. Addison in his travels, speaks of a noble nunnery at Venice where the inmates would receive no lover under a certain rank, and in most other places the immorality was equally gross if not quite so open. The case of the nun Bavent at Rouen, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, is a strange example of credulity, superstition, and impious licentiousness; but part of it is an exception, and part of it an example of the mania upon witchcraft, which during a great part of that century ran over Europe. The affair of Mingrat in our age, brought into general notice by Paul Louis Courier, and quoted at large in the work before us, was indeed a most atrocious crime, or series of crimes, but proving little more against confession than the murder by Greenacre would respecting the atrocity of persons of his class. The inquiries by the Inquisition of Spain during the sixteenth century, by orders from the Pope, (some memorials of which are published by Llorente in his history,) is the strongest proof in the book of general corruption and seduction by means of the confessional. The weightiest argument, however, is the danger of enforced confession with a body so unnaturally placed as a celibate priesthood, and the fact, urged by M. De Lasteyrie, that but very few offences are known, from the difficulty of detection, and that formerly, when detected, they were concealed through the power of the priesthood.

After all, however, confession as a sacrament, and therefore obligatory, is only one part of Popery, owing its main evil to deeper principles—the claim of infallibility, the practical substitution of the church for Christ himself, and the superhuman character claimed for the priesthood. As long as these superstitions are maintained, so long will Popery aggravate the social evils whether of license or of violence, in every country where it prevails. The ministers of a religion being but men, and from their numbers but average men, they will be formed and influenced by the character of the country to which they belong. If the people are corrupt and barbarous, and the religion itself is overgrown by superstition, the mind and morals such a race can bestow, and the education it will give, so far from elevating the priesthood, will rather render them a means of mischief. They will partake of the predominant prejudices and vices, and foster them for their own purposes. In Ireland, we see priestly power accompanied by confession and absolution, aggravating agitation and murder; in the south of Europe it took assassination and license under its wing; and such

will be the result everywhere according to the circumstances of the age and country. These remarks, of course, apply to a mature or declining religion, not to its commencement, or to any "revival." In such cases there may be fanaticism, and individual hypocrisy, but hardly general corruption.

As regards readableness and effect, the literary merit of this book is considerable. The salient facts of the different subjects are clearly presented, accompanied by judicious remarks; which, however, have more effect from the expression than weight from the thoughts. The first or historical section displays more reading than the other divisions, whose object is to support the author's conclusions. It is also on the whole more conclusive and interesting; for although the defect in the second and third parts is logical rather than literary, yet writing which does not answer its apparent end will lose somewhat of its character, however curious in itself. Occasionally, too, there is a species of incompleteness, which possibly has a double source. M. De Lasteyrie apologizes for being obliged to omit matter of a kind not to be printed in a modern book; and Mr. Cocks, the translator, feels himself compelled to omit still more than the count; though, when the thing is veiled by a dead language, we are not sure but this is carrying particularity too far; what is necessary to useful and practical truth must be borne with. To sum up: *The History of Auricular Confession* is a clever, but a superficial work; the production of a reader, not of a scholar.

The illustrations connected with the general arguments of confession (not the facts to sustain its secret abuse) are among the best parts of the book. The following, on military confession, is pointed and clever.

The conditions of this dogma established by the councils are, that the priest, to remit sins, is obliged to know them; it is therefore indispensable to specify them to him, with every circumstance; which is impossible in the cases we have just mentioned, and still more so when a numerous army is on the eve of battle. Yet theologians affirm, that in the latter case, as in that of imminent danger, a soldier is obliged, upon pain of mortal sin, to confess to a priest. If there be a precept generally acknowledged by all theologians, it is that which obliges us, "on every occasion where there is any danger or probability of dying, as on a voyage, &c., or any event in which death may be imminent, to confess, if we are guilty of any mortal sin." That is a very common case, especially with the military. Now, I ask, how could an almoner of a regiment incline his ear to such a considerable number of individuals! Accordingly, he does not, but confines himself, without hearing anybody, to pardon all their sins by the sole virtue of the words *ego te absolvo*. This was the means they discovered to get out of the difficulty, by saying the intention and will are sufficient, and that sins are pardoned, seeing the impossibility of confessing them. Therefore it is not the priest who pardons, since he has no knowledge of the sins; it can be but God, who alone knows them. The ministry of the priest must be, consequently, as useless in this case as in every other. Besides, where is the use of giving absolution to a multitude of men, the

half of whom are unworthy of it—to people who are too commonly disposed to pillage and rapine and ready to plunge into the same crimes twenty-four hours after they have received absolution? Is not this profaning what you call the sacrament? As to God, he grants remission only to those whose hearts are truly contrite, and he often refuses it to those upon whom it is lavished by the priest. Moreover, when confessions do happen in regiments, they are given in an off-hand way; like that made by Lahire, who, going to fight at the siege of Montargis, in 1427, found a chaplain upon the road, whom he told to give him absolution, and that *speedily*. The latter, proposing to shrive him, Lahire replied, *He had no leisure, for he must promptly smite the enemy*: that he had done WHAT SOLDIERS ARE ACCUSTOMED TO DO. *Thereupon the chaplain dealt him absolution, even as he was.*

From the Spectator.

#### THE LIFE OF MRS. FRY.

THE first volume of this work closed with the year 1825; when Elizabeth Fry had succeeded in making Newgate a fashionable place, and in drawing public and official attention to the gross moral abuses of our prisons, and the still grosser pollution attendant upon the system of female convict transportation. The battle was won; celebrity was achieved; and henceforth there could be in her life none of the interest of struggle and progress. Yet her career was not without events, or action, or it may be said distress. In 1828, one of the houses in which her husband was a partner failed; and, in the language of the editor of these memoirs, "involved Elizabeth Fry and her family in a train of sorrows and perplexities which tinged the remaining years of her life:" a statement, however, which is scarcely borne out, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, by the narrative. Some of her accustomed luxuries—a carriage, for instance—were missed for a time; but she always appeared to have a handsome competence and to live in a certain degree of style. As a "minister" among the Friends, Elizabeth Fry felt calls to go to Ireland and Scotland; the projects were, as is the custom, laid before "the meeting;" and having been approved of, thither she went. On a subsequent occasion she went to Paris; and was so pleased with the impression she made upon the good-natured impressible French, and they upon her, that she afterwards revisited the capital, and travelled through the south of France; prison discipline, and the promotion of piety without reference to dogmas, being the object of her journeys. Under "meeting" authority, she journeyed to Belgium, Hanover, Prussia, Denmark; and was received with the greatest distinction in each place. King Leopold held "out both his hands" to welcome her; the majesty of Denmark placed her at dinner between himself and the queen. At Hanover, the king was ill; but she saw the queen and the rest of the royal family; and she writes to her family at home—"I think I never paid a more interesting visit—my brother Samuel, William Allen, and myself. In the first place, we were received with ceremonious respect; shown through

many rooms to a drawing-room, where were the queen's chamberlain and three ladies in waiting to receive us." At the Hague, the reception was as gracious as elsewhere: "The king, a lively, clever, perfect gentleman, not a large man, in regimentals; the queen, (sister to the emperor of Russia,) a fine stately person, in full and rather beautiful morning-dress of white; the princess much the same. After our presentation, the king began easy and pleasant conversation with me, about my visiting prisons. I told him, in a short lively manner, the history of it. He said he heard I had so many children; how could I do it?" But the great triumph was in her two visits to Berlin. At the first visit, the late king was on the throne, and coercing the Lutheran churchmen into uniformity. Mrs. Fry stood remarkably well with the royal family, and "could not feel justified without endeavoring to bring the subject before the king."

Lord William Russell, our ambassador, her kind and constant friend, and the Baron Humboldt, discouraged her attempting to do so. She had a strong inclination to consult the crown prince, when the unexpected meeting at the Princess William's afforded her the desired opportunity. After earnestly petitioning the best help, and wisdom from above, she opened the subject. His royal highness gave her most attentive hearing, and entirely encouraged her to act as she believed to be right. A petition had been beautifully drawn up by William Allen; this was translated into German, and presented through the official channel to his majesty. It was no light matter doing this; but in faith she committed it to him who had put it so strongly into her heart to bless the measure. The following day the king's chaplain was the bearer of the delightful intelligence, that the petition had been graciously received, and that the king had said that "he thought the Spirit of God must have helped them to express themselves as they had done." She told this gentleman what a subject of prayer it had been with her; to which he rejoined, that, "like Daniel, her petition had been answered before she had ceased praying."

At the second visit the crown prince had succeeded to the throne; and he received the Friends in a more gracious manner than before. It was the personal knowledge acquired on these occasions, and not any mere philanthropic or popularity-hunting, that led to the greatest honor the house of Fry ever received—the visit paid to Upton Lane by the king of Prussia, when he came over to stand godfather to our queen's eldest son.

*Second Month, 1st, Third-day, (1842.)*—Yesterday was a day never to be forgotten whilst memory lasts. We set off about eleven o'clock, my sister Gurney and myself, to meet the king of Prussia at Newgate. I proceeded with the lady mayoress to Newgate; where we were met by many gentlemen. My dear brother and sister Gurney, and Susannah Corder, being with me, was a great comfort. We waited so long for the king that I feared he would not come; however, at last he arrived; and the lady mayoress and I, accompanied by the sheriffs, went to meet the king at the door of the prison. He appeared much pleased to meet our little party; and, after taking a little refreshment, he gave me his arm, and we proceeded into the prison and up

to one of the long wards, where everything was prepared; the poor women round the table, about sixty of them, many of our ladies committee, and some others; also numbers of gentlemen following the king, sheriffs, &c. I felt deeply, but quiet in spirit—fear of man much removed.

After prayer and preaching,

The king then again gave me his arm, and we walked down together; there were difficulties raised about his going to Upton, but he chose to persevere. I went with the lady mayoress and the sheriffs; and the king with his own people. We arrived first: I had to hasten to take off my cloak, and then went down to meet him at his carriage-door, with my husband, and seven of our sons and sons-in-law. I then walked with him into the drawing-room; where all was in beautiful order—neat, and adorned with flowers; I presented to the king our eight daughters and daughters-in-law, (R—— E—— C—— only away,) our seven sons and eldest grandson, my brother and sister Buxton, Sir Henry and Lady Pelly, and my sister Elizabeth Fry—my brother and sister Gurney he had known before—and afterwards presented twenty-five of our grandchildren. We had a solemn silence before our meal; which was handsome and fit for a king, yet not extravagant—everything most complete and nice. I sat by the king; who appeared to enjoy his dinner, perfectly at his ease, and very happy with us. We went into the drawing-room, after another solemn silence, and a few words which I uttered in prayer for the king and queen. We found a deputation of Friends with an address to read to him; this was done; the king appeared to feel it much. We then had to part.

The king expressed his desire that blessings might continue to rest on our house.

Although a more attached and affectionate family could hardly exist than that whose numbers are indicated by the presentations to the king, yet it was in one sense a source of trouble to Elizabeth Fry. Latterly her husband became remiss in the forms of the Friends; the majority of her children quitted "the connection" entirely, either by "marrying out," or, like her eldest son William, on the lofty principle that unless conformity "to the peculiarities of Friends in dress and manners arose from personal conviction of their importance, their practice, however becoming in a very young person under the immediate direction of his parents, was inconsistent with truth in one of more mature years." It seems strange in a person of such catholic views as Elizabeth Fry, but so it was, that she would not be present on the marriage of her children or baptism of her grandchildren if at church, or go to any other place of worship than the meeting. The hardest trial of all, however, must have been when two of her elder grandchildren embarked in "the trade of war," one as a midshipman, bound for China, the other in the army. Some of her brief entries on these subjects are worth quoting as indications of character.

It is proposed that my dear son William's marriage should take place in little more than a week. I cannot help feeling deeply giving him up. To have this dear child married, and not be able to be with him, is very affecting to me. With three

children likely to marry out of the society, and the life of one of them very uncertain, I have much, very much to feel.

*Dagenham, Tenth Month, 3d.*—Here am I sitting in solitude, keeping silence before the Lord, on the wedding-day of my beloved son William. As I could not conscientiously attend the marriage, I believed it right to withdraw for the day. Words appear very inadequate to express the earnestness—the depth of my supplications for him and for his, that the blessing of the Most High may rest upon them.

We then went to our dear friends the ———s; where I had a warm reception; they very sweetly bear with my scruples; for it must appear odd, very odd to them, my not feeling it right to attend the wedding of such a son; but my heart is full of love to them.

*Upton Lane, Eleventh Month, 5th.*—Last fourth-day, the 31st of the tenth month, my dearest H—— was married to W—— C—— S——. The morning was bright, the different families collected: of course I was not present at the ceremony. The bride and bridegroom went to Ham House to take leave of their dear party; they then came home, and we soon sat down to breakfast, about thirty in number. There appeared a serious and yet cheerful feeling over us. I felt prayer for them, but saw no opportunity vocally to express it. As we arose to leave the table, William Streatfeild, the vicar of East Ham, returned thanks for the blessings received: when, quite unexpectedly to myself, there was such a solemn silence, as if all were arrested, that I was enabled vocally to ask a blessing upon them.

*Upton, Sixth Month, 10th.*—Alone in my little room, my whole family gone to church to the wedding. I feel solitary, but I believe my Lord is with me. Oh gracious Lord! at this moment be with my child; pour out thy spirit upon her, that she may not only make solemn covenant with her husband, but with her God. Help her to keep these covenants: be with, help, and bless her and hers.

Our beloved daughter L—— was confined on fourth-day. The babe, a lovely girl, breathed for twenty-four hours, and then died. They had the child named and baptized. I happened to be present; and certainly some of the prayers were very solemn, and such as I could truly unite with; but part of the ceremony appeared to me superstitious, and having a strong savor of the dark ages of the church.

Mrs. Fry did not very long survive the visit of the king of Prussia in 1842; her death took place in 1845. She was not young, having reached the age of sixty-five; but her family seem to think that her incessant exertions helped to shorten her days. This is probable; or, perhaps, her foreign excursions, by changing the mode of exertion at an advanced age, contributed still more to the breaking up of her constitution. She had also, in the last few years of her life, to endure family afflictions in the loss of her eldest son, several of her grandchildren, and other near connections. The decease of William Fry was unexpected, and it was thought would have been fatal to his mother. Some of her children exclaimed, "Can our mother bear this and live?" But she struggled through it, and similar afflictions in the way which deeply

religious people often do, so as almost to appear insensible to those of a more worldly and less submissive frame of mind.

The present volume exhibits in the editors all the merit of the first—their quiet, close, accomplished narrative, when connecting the passages from the journal and letters; their genuine liberality of sentiment, and their love of truth. It is from the necessity of the case less various, and rather less interesting. The numerous extracts from Mrs. Fry's journal become more encumbering than before, because they have not the character of the doubts of her early youth, or her early Quakerism. The foreign tours are attractive from the reciprocal operation of the foreign view of Elizabeth Fry, and Elizabeth Fry's view of the foreigners; but they touch upon no new biographical subject, like her first experiences in the ministry, or prison discipline, briefly as those two topics were handled in comparison with mere effusions of sentiment or opinion. As a continuation upon the same scale as the first volume, a free use of the journals in this volume was perhaps necessary; but it might have been curtailed without affecting the uniformity of the work, to the great benefit of the reader. In the case of a new edition, the memoirs might be very greatly condensed, by omitting all that does not relate to matters of fact, or is not characteristic of the writer beyond a mere wordy form of reverie or prayer, of which a few specimens might suffice.

From the Examiner.

Mrs. Fry was a true Englishwoman of the noblest class—worthy to rank with the Hutchinsons, Russells, Fanshaws, Ranelaghs, and Temples. Could anything be more beautifully conceived than the following mode of administering rebuke?

With Miss Garrett she visited the penitentiary at Portsea. While they went over the house, the unfortunate inmates were assembled in the parlor, where they were all standing, when Mrs. Fry, and the party with her, returned to the room. This lady describes Mrs. Fry as "sitting down, laying her bonnet on the table, and making some inquiries as to the arrangements of the place, and the conduct of the young women there." Two were pointed out to her as being peculiarly refractory and hardened; without noticing this, she addressed some words of exhortation and advice to all; and when she arose to go away, she went up to these two, and extending her hand to each of them, said, in a tone and manner quite indescribable, but so touching—"I trust I shall hear better things of thee." The hearts that had been proof against the words of reproach and exhortation, softened at the words of hope and kindness, and both burst into tears.

Mrs. Fry was superior to the folly of weak nerves and delicate sensibilities. In the discharge of the Samaritan's duties she could compel herself to view and dress wounds:

On the road, they saw a man lying apparently at the point of death. Mrs. Fry immediately went to him, desiring her daughter to open her dressing-case and bring a vial of brandy, which, from her

frequent attendance in sickness, she had learned always to have in readiness.

She knelt down by the poor man, whose head she found dreadfully torn; she carefully replaced the scalp which was lying back, tied it down with her pocket-handkerchief; then gave him brandy, and he began to revive. After a time a cart came by, into which she had him lifted, and carefully conveyed to the next village. He had been driving a powerful team of horses—they ran away, and the wagon-wheel went over his head. He died in Norwich hospital, after lingering some weeks, and apparently ready for that solemn change.

Elizabeth Fry was in no respect sectarian. Her religion was too much of the heart to be bound up exclusively with a particular sect. For herself she preferred Quakerism to the last, but she was content to see systems of church polity in others vary according to their views. Running parallel with her philanthropy, we see her emancipation from party; not as cause and effect, but as consequences arising from the same source, branches from the same root. Some of her remarks in the volume before us, with reference to the peculiar discipline and habits of the society, are alike just and beautiful.

#### ON FORMS AND PHRASEOLOGY.

We are in the midst of the yearly meeting; to me a very important time, as I am greatly interested in the welfare of the society. I do most fully unite in most of its practices and principles; but still I may say, I have somewhat against it. I see that we may improve as we go on, if that which first led us to be a peculiar people, be kept to by us. I think, in our meetings for discipline, too much stress is laid on minor parts of our testimonies, such as "plainness of speech, behavior, and apparel," rather than on the greater and weightier matters of the law; these (lesser things) are well, and I believe should be attended to; but they should not occupy an undue place. I do not like the habit of that mysterious, ambiguous mode of expression, in which Friends at times clothe their observations, and their ministry. I like the truth in simplicity; it needs no mysterious garment. I also can hardly bear to hear friends make us out to be a chosen people, above others.

I have very much kept silence amongst them, being generally quite clear of anything to do; but as a spectator, I have rejoiced in the love, the sweetness, and the power of good amongst us, and the evidence that our great high priest is owning us for good.

#### ON THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Something has occurred which has brought me into conflict of mind; how far to restrain young persons in their pleasures, and how far to leave them at liberty. The longer I live, the more difficult do I see education to be; more particularly, as it respects the religious restraints that we put upon our children; to do enough, and not too much, is a most delicate and important point. I begin seriously to doubt, whether, as it respects the peculiar scruples of friends, it is not better, quite to leave sober-minded young persons to judge for themselves. Then the question arises—When does this age arrive! I have such a fear that in so much

mixing religion with those things which are not delectable, we may turn them from the thing itself. I see, feel, and know, that where these scruples are adopted from principle, they bring a blessing with them; but where they are only adopted out of conformity to the views of others, I have very serious doubts whether they are not a stumbling-block.

#### ON CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

I was too poorly to go to our monthly meeting to-day; which I do not much regret, as my dearest son J— was to send in his resignation of membership; I so much feel it, that I think perhaps I am better away. I believe my dear J— has done what he now thinks best; there I leave it, and though I certainly have much felt his leaving a society I so dearly love, the principles of which I so much value, yet no outward names are in reality of much importance in my view, nor do I think very much of membership with any outward sect or body of Christians—my feeling is, that if we are but living members of the church of Christ, this is the only membership essential to salvation. Belonging to any particular body of Christians has, I see, its disadvantages, as well as advantages; it often brings into the bondage of man, rather than being purely and simply bound to the law of Christ; though I am fully sensible of its many comforts, advantages, and privileges. Earnestly do I desire for this dear child, that his Lord may make his way clear before him, that he may be truly here a member of the militant church of Christ, and hereafter of his church triumphant.

In the spirit of these sayings and doings which we have selected as specimens—and which, even more truly than her public ministry, reveal the nature of Elizabeth Fry—is the whole book. We rise from its perusal with softened yet elevated thoughts. It is worthy—no mean praise—to take its place upon our shelves, beside the more rugged but equally kindly and catholic journal of George Fox, the great founder of the society.

**THE FINEST ACTOR IN EUROPE.**—If we want consummate acting, we must not now expect it upon the stage, but in the palace. He is not the artist who wears motley and a wig, but robes and a crown. As an instance of this fact, we have only to repeat a statement that "when the news of the Queen of Spain's ill-health reached Louis Philippe, he appeared profoundly affected." Were Garrick alive, could he beat that?—*Punch*.

**A BISHOP AFLOAT.**—It is intended, says the *Globe*, to found a bishopric somewhere in the Chinese seas. Britannia has long had a patent for ruling the waves temporally; but now, it seems, we are to reduce them under spiritual domination. A part of the ocean is to be converted into an episcopal see. Already we have a floating church on the Thames; but we are now going to give the Chinese a floating bishop. We do not know what to say to this project. A bishop cannot be created on shore in these times without raising a violent storm; and we are warranted in anticipating the greatest danger to shipping from the tempest which will be excited by the establishment of a prelate on the deep.—*Punch*.

From the Spectator.

LIEUTENANT FORBES' CHINA AND LABUAN.

MR. FORBES was employed in China and Borneo from 1842 to 1847, sometimes in movement, sometimes stationary: when duty permitted, he occupied himself in collecting coins, making excursions, and studying the Chinese and their institutions both from life and books. The results of his observations he has thrown together in the volume before us; which, though somewhat deficient in the art of narration, and rather sailor-like in the treatment of topics and the management of style, conveys, so far as it goes, as lively and good an impression of the Chinese as any publication that we know of.

Although Mr. Forbes appears to have been much about the coasts and seas of China, and explored the country, especially in the neighborhood of the great commercial emporium of Shanghai, he only gives an incidental narrative of travel or adventure when necessary to support his generalizations. This necessity, however, continually arises; for he arranges his subject under distinct heads—such as Shanghai, Chinese Agriculture, the Military, the Naval Service, and so forth; and enforces his general descriptions by particular instances. Thus, his chapter on diet is illustrated by the account of a crack dinner he enjoyed with some friends at a first-rate restaurant's in Shanghai, under the auspices of a native gentleman officially connected with the consulate; his observations on the military service are supported by anecdotes drawn from the war.

It must not be understood that *Five Years in China* is a complete account of the country, the people, and their institutions; it is only a series of sketches relating to them. Neither does it contain much if anything absolutely new to those who are read in the best works that have appeared on the subject; but its information is very fresh and lifelike, in despite of many faults of composition. The book also exhibits the Chinese during the operation and after the conclusion of a crisis that must have been a heavy blow to their national vanity and self-opinion. In some sense the defects of the author add to the value of the book. That which in reference to Europe would be obvious and common-place is interesting as applied to China; and the every-day life of the people, as shown in the streets, the shops, and other places of public resort, is of more interest than an elaborate and learned account; especially if every-day pictures be done graphically, as is the case with those of Lieut. Forbes, even when literal.

The opinion of our observer is very favorable to the Chinese, when you get at them; for he properly observes, that to judge of the people by the rabble of Canton, or any other frequented sea-port, would be like pronouncing a decision on the English nation from the habits of Wapping. His facts do not, however, extend beyond good nature, civility, and hospitality, while, as regards the honesty of the shopkeepers, they are rather against the Celestials; but that roguery is perhaps in "the way of business." The antiquity and the extent

of their civilization are notorious, as well as the duration of their empire: but these facts have never been so much impressed upon us as by the *Five Years in China*, although neither the matter of the book nor the mind of the author is much in this vein. Without going to the extent of the French encyclopædists as to the antiquity, wisdom, good government, and so forth, of the Chinese empire, we cannot deny that Europe is indebted to China for many of the most important arts and inventions; upon some of which we have not improved to this day; and in irrigation, if not in any other, we are far behind them. Ages of peace in China have not only prevented improvements in their own old weapons and system of war, but have deteriorated them. The very contrary has happened in Europe; where the stimulus of continual wars and the great advance in mechanical inventions have changed the weapons themselves, and almost the principles of the military art. Hence, in the late war the Chinese system was encountered in its decay, by a new and more powerful system in its vigor. It is possible, however, that this may not always continue; and the late war with the comparatively small and poor state of Lahore indicates how tough a customer the Chinese, with their wealth and population, might be found in future contests, if they could make up their minds to submit to European discipline. Mr. Forbes even thinks they might be formidable without it.

In a Chinese camp of the present day there is little or no discipline. This should not be the case where merit alone (at least so say the edicts) can make a military mandarin, all alike rising from the ranks. I have given these few examples from the events of the late war, but am not of opinion that such a state of things will always exist, or that the Chinese in future will prove a contemptible enemy. Two hundred years of almost uninterrupted peace may have relaxed their discipline; but, from the care that, at the time of my departure, was being bestowed on the repairs of fortifications, embodying regiments, drilling recruits, the size and strength of the men, and the enormous population to draft from, I am inclined to think that a few years of active hostilities would teach them the art of war, and enable them on land to defy invasion by any power in Europe.

The permanence of their state and their character is also another point to which full consideration has not been given in a philosophical spirit. The Chinese empire has outlasted all the civilizations of the ancient world, (for we have just alluded to the cause of our late successes;) yet, notwithstanding this long endurance, they now are in some points equal to Europe, perhaps in all if we do not persist in judging them by our own standard. In *anno Domini* 1, when classical civilization was at its zenith if not in its decline, the Chinese had reached the triumph of civilized business—paying debts with paper money, or at least with leather; it is more than probable, that besides silks, printing, gunpowder, the mariner's compass, suspension-bridges, and other arts, we are indebted to the Chinese, instead of the Jews, for letters of credit. While modern Europe was struggling for birth in

the deepest night of the dark ages, and England just emerging from the heptarchy, the Chinese drank tea, and—sure proof of civilization—their government taxed it. Mr. Forbes seems to think that even for Punch and puppet-shows we are indebted to China; neither England, nor France, nor Naples can furnish such accommodation for all our wants, as are brought home to the Chinese by ambulant or open-air professors. The following scenes are taken from Shanghai and its neighborhood.

#### CHINESE AGREMENTS.

Punch is all in his glory, native and to the customs born, though his birth-place, like that of Homer, may be a subject of controversy. Yet I am afraid that to China belongs the glory of having produced Pun-tse—that is, the son of an inch: from thence it seems he found his way into Italy under the name of Policinello, but resumed his old appellation on his further travels.

As soon as the effects of the war were over and the trades began to re-collect, Punches in numbers flocked in, and were great favorites among the sailors. Gong and triangle answered the purposes of drum and pan-pipes. The twang of voice, "roity toity," was the same that I have often heard on Ascot Heath; Judy, mad with the same harsh usage from her loving lord; Toby too was there: but the Devil introducing a huge green dragon to devour him, bones and all, was the only innovation of importance.

Immediately under a huge, highly-painted scene of a battle stands a fellow with inflated cheeks, trying to outsound a gong which he is beating with all his might; under the picture are small holes for ocular demonstrations of the mysteries within; and the bended form of some juveniles shows that all his wind and noise is not expended for nothing—which may mean, "Look a little further, and you will see the discomfiture of the Barbarian Eye, by the son of Heaven's General his Excellency How-now, Master-General of the Ceremonies, Director of the Gabel, and Tamer of the Sons of the Western Ocean."

In addition to the shops, the frequented streets and populous villages are supplied with travelling trades of every kind besides; the tea-gardens and squares are filled with astrologers, necromancers, fortune-tellers, peep-shows, jugglers, Punch, dentists, quacks—in short, all the drags on the purse to be found in other countries. The most useful of these is the walking restaurateur. His apparatus is of the most compact order, all lightly balanced on his back with one hand, while with the other he teazes a fire, and goes from place to place crying his various prepared dishes, until his progress be arrested by some hungry traveller. His whole apparatus, which may be six feet high by nine long, is almost entirely made of bamboo. Besides the one in which he walks, there are two perpendicular divisions: on the top of that before him are the basins, plates, &c.; then the supply of wood, below which is the fire-place and kitchen, consisting of an iron pan, covered over by a wooden tub, and let into light plaster-work upon the fire; thus he boils, stews, or fries, according to the taste of the customer: in the other division are the meats, vegetables, &c.; besides a quantity of gaudy China-ware, containing the dried herbs, peppers, &c., required. For a very trifling sum, the laborer can here procure a hearty

meal without leaving his work, as the restaurateur hovers about all places where most needed.

The dentist no sooner pitches his tent on arriving than he unfolds to the admiring crowd a huge scroll, on which, at the left side, are set forth his home, place of birth, &c.; the rest of the scroll speaks of his fame and skill in cleaning, curing, and extracting teeth, and knowledge of the mouth in general: if this fail to obtain a customer, he opens box after box, producing hundreds of human teeth, on which he lectures; declaring each large and more decayed tooth to have belonged to a prince, duke, or high mandarin, who honored him with his patronage and saved himself from the most terrific tortures. Should a bystander at last be attracted and offer his mouth for inspection, the instruments are produced, and if extraction be required it is done with much expertness; he shows the instrument to the crowd, describes its use and power, and, as an illustration of it, draws the tooth, while the sufferer imagines he is merely going to show how he would do it; if cleaning is required, he exhibits his instruments one by one, and using each, keeps up a chant and lecture alternately. After the operation is performed, he recommends his powders: I tried several, and detected a strong mixture of camphor in all. Thus he continues; until, having remained a short space without a customer, he packs up and moves to another convenient spot.

In a quiet little nook, perfectly apart from the noise of the street or garden, sits under a tree or awning the chess-player; he either teaches the art or offers to play, and has much custom in both. The principles of the game are much the same as with us, though the board differs materially, and the men are in shape like draughtsmen, bearing the characters indicating the rank of the pieces, thus—Ma, a horse, answers to a knight, and Ping, a soldier, to a pawn, &c.

But the most novel travelling trade that I met with, was that of the circulating librarian, with a box filled with little pamphlets of dramas, tales, and romances. He goes the circuit of the town, and leaves, brings away, or exchanges his books, as the case may be, bringing information and tittle-tattle home to every man's door. His trade is not a bad one, as his stock costs very little, and is in some demand.

#### CHINESE AGRICULTURE.

If there be one thing that the genius of this extraordinary people has brought nearer to perfection than another, it is the cultivation of the soil. The economy of their agriculture is beautiful; the whole country presents the appearance of one continued garden; no large commons starving a few miserable horses, nor parks and chases laid waste for the special purpose of breeding rabbits, are to be met with; the land is meant to feed and clothe the people, and to that use its powers are directed. Not an inch of soil is lost that can be made useful by the most laborious and apparently unpromising industry, save only such parts as are set aside for burial-grounds. Swamps are drained by canals, which carry the superfluous waters where they are turned to profitable account in enriching land that otherwise would not be productive. Hills are terraced to the summits, and the banks of rivers and shores of the sea recede and leave flourishing farms to reward the enterprise of man. I know nothing that would be likely to be more valuable from this country than the report of an experienced and scientific farmer, could such be induced to bestow a

short time in travelling to China and making its agriculture his study.

Lieutenant Forbes was employed at Borneo during the treaty which ended in the cession of Labuan. He also assisted at taking possession of the island; remained there for some time, and explored the country, discovering its veins of coal. His accounts of Borneo and Labuan are but slight; the history of late events not so full as has lately been published. His picture of the sultan, however, is the best we have met with: Lieutenant Forbes saw him when he had laid aside his state. The account of Labuan is our only one.

From the Spectator.

#### THE REVEREND W. SEWELL'S JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE AT ST. COLUMBA.

MR. SEWELL'S name is more widely known than his character is understood. With some he passes as a concealed emissary of the Pope; others look upon him as a somebody worse than Newman, because he delays throwing off the mask; while many consider him as a tractarian after their own imaginations, anxious to set up a Rome in England, if not to carry England to Rome. Whether any portion of correctness may mingle in the last suspicion we cannot undertake to decide; for we do not clearly understand to what extent Mr. Sewell is prepared to carry the priestly authority, or to what height he would elevate the priestly character—what toleration he would allow to heretics in this world, or what hope he would concede to them in the next; and these points must be definitely explained before the question can be settled. Mr. Sewell himself professes to be nothing more or less than a member of the Anglican church opposed to Rome, taking the prayer-book as his rule of practical or formal religious life; obeying its behests in having daily services, in fasting, or rather in practising abstinence, where the health permits it, (or the person is inclined?) and generally obeying "the prayer-book as the statute of the English church," with his bishop for the interpreter in doubtful cases, or the director in new emergencies. In these ideas Mr. Sewell does not stand alone; and many are, or at least have been, more active with the pen in inculcating their views. The peculiarity of Mr. Sewell consists in the living spirit he infuses into his ideas; the influence he seems to exercise over others, so as to realize the theories which some only talk and write about; and the consequent effects that flow from his exertions, without so much of noise, or of print, which is in this age the same thing as noise.

One mode by which Mr. Sewell and his coadjutors or disciples have endeavored to animate the church and oppose Rome by carrying the war into her territories, was that of establishing the college of St. Columba in Ireland. The plan of the institution was to revive the principle (rather than the mode) of education as it existed in the earlier ages of the Reformation, when the practical intermingling

of the Romish church in every action of life was familiar to the minds of churchmen, if not acted upon by the laity generally. In its titles of warden and fellows, its arrangement of common rooms, daily service, meals common to teachers and scholars, with some other things, the system of St. Columba resembled that of the college as part of the university; in the age of the pupils (who are all boys) it partakes more of the nature of the foundation school. Under the auspices of churchmen, trained in universities, the classics and mathematics are of course a leading feature in the system of education; but the Irish language is also a main point at the college of St. Columba, because it is said that a person speaking Irish has *ipso facto* a great influence over the peasantry; and the promoters rely upon this knowledge as a means of making converts from Rome, by such of their pupils as enter the church. At present the scholars are sons of gentlemen; but the promoters look forward to the time when they may have boys on the foundation seemingly the children or orphans of clergymen. The bishop of the diocese is the visitor of the college; the collegiate body attends the parish-church; and the society admits the right of the parochial rector to superintend them as he would any other family in his parish, but no further: upon which last point there was a difference with the clergyman, who claimed to interfere as a visitor.

As the officers and pupils wear an academic dress, as service is performed twice a day in a chapel of their own, and fasting is adopted (though not enforced) by the officers, extraordinary tales were spread about the college among the *Protestant* Irish—to the effect that the institution was Romanist, if not Jesuitical. These reports seem to have been lived down; but, for some reasons not explained, differences have arisen among the leaders: the warden has withdrawn from his post; Mr. Sewell appears dissatisfied; and he is now occupied in promoting a similar institution at Radley Hall, near Abingdon. The plans are formed; the Bishop of Oxford approves the idea, and has consented to act as visitor; what is wanting is the money, 6,000*l.*, to begin with.

It is probably with the view of calling attention to this project as well as of dissipating misconceptions, that the volume before us has been published. It consists of a preface, in which, under the guise of an explanation, Mr. Sewell unfolds his views and feelings as to the present state of church matters; a letter to some friendly clergyman, which gives an account of the origin, objects, and plan of the contemplated college of St. Ann's at Abingdon; an address volunteered on the occasion of a meeting at St. Columba; and a journal of Mr. Sewell's residence there for some months during the time when the institution was struggling against evil report and the difficulties incidental to a new undertaking. The address to the assemblage of boys and others at St. Columba might as well have been omitted, as too occasional in its subject, and too limited both in matter and manner. The

other sections have a good deal of interest, in various ways. The style is scholarly, but varying with its topics; the spirit is of that elegant amiability which distinguishes the best tractarian writers; and the journal has that Robinson Crusoe sort of character which attaches to the formation and growth of all new social states, from a shipwrecked mariner or two up to a colony. The real interest of the book, however, is in the view it opens up of the objects of a certain class of amiable, active, and religious-minded people. To revive the church of the middle ages, stripped of Romanist superstitions and peculiarities, and with a regard to the opinions and requirements of the present time, is the end of those excellent and enthusiastic men: the means are, to acquire a power over the education of youth. Such, indeed, was a main mode of Newman; but he confined himself to that class which could get to a university. Mr. Sewell has wider objects, if he can carry them out. St. Ann's will be a model college, to serve as a parent to others that will stud the country in case of success; and though the necessity of funds and other circumstances must at first limit the pupils to the affluent, yet an action upon the poor is immediately contemplated, by means of boys analogous to the original servitors of the universities, and finally in a more direct form.

As soon as we have defrayed the expenses of building and providing what was required to develop the system, it would be for the warden and fellows, and chiefly for the senior fellows, to apply any surplus, as soon as possible, to the creation and maintenance of similar institutions for the poor. And this would be an unvarying principle. One scholar in ten would also be taken gratuitously, and elected from the families of poor clergymen and widows.

It would be an important part of the system to train up a body of poor boys as servants; giving them a good religious instruction, and fitting them for a variety of useful offices as they advanced in life.

Independent of the improvement of education for the higher classes, there is another question pressing upon the church at this moment, and to which as yet no answer has been given. How can it educate the lower classes; educate the masses of our great towns and manufacturing districts—educate, not merely instruct them; that is, not merely enable them to write and read, which by the confession of the best minds has done and can do but little good, but bring them up in a reverent, obedient, conscientious, religious spirit? If a certain system is necessary to produce this in the children of the higher classes, it must be equally required for the poor. Our national schools have not produced it. Our plans of united education, instead of producing, must inevitably destroy it. All inquirers into the subject are attracted by one spectacle, the schools of the Christian Brothers both abroad and in England. And their admirable working (admirable with the exception of their erroneous religious teaching) depends on their placing over the children a body of ministers of religion, living together, exhibiting and obeying the commands of their church in all things, and devoting themselves to the task of education as to a work of Christian love, without

thought of remuneration, contented only with obtaining a necessary support. If such a system could be introduced into the English church, cleared from the faults and dangerous associations with which it is connected in Romanism, we might hope to educate properly the poor of our church. But to realize such a work, three things are necessary. First, funds, not such as are precarious and dependent on annual subscriptions, but drawn from some permanent source; secondly, a model for the rule of life and association; and thirdly, some external control to stimulate and keep them in order, as well as that episcopal authority to which of course they would be subjected.

No one has yet pretended to point out how these wants are to be supplied. Is it too great a hope to cherish, that if a college like St. Columba's could once be established for the higher classes, the surplus emoluments might be applied to the creation and maintenance of such analogous institutions for the poor?

"Nothing is more certain," says Burke, "than that our manners, our civilization, and all the good things which are connected with manners and civilization, have in this European world of ours depended for ages upon two principles, and were indeed the result of both combined; I mean, the spirit of a gentleman, and the spirit of religion." Both these spirits pervade this book: not so much directly in the mere writing of Mr. Sewell, as in the incidental description of the effects aimed at, and to some extent produced among the boys at St. Columba. It is curious to trace this combination, this almost embodiment of some of Burke's glowing panegyrics upon the mixed results of chivalry and religion. To exhibit them by quotation, however, would require a great deal of space; and after all, extracts would not do it effectually. The book must be read at leisure, with a watchful mind.

*The Harveian Oration, delivered before the Royal College of Physicians, London, June 27th, 1846.*

By JOHN ELLIOTSON, M. D. With an English version and notes. Baillière.

*The Zoist: a Quarterly Journal of Cerebral Physiology and Mesmerism, and their Applications to Human Welfare.* No. XX. Jan., 1848. Baillière.

*Mesmerism and its Opponents.* By GEORGE SANDBY, M. A., Vicar of Flixton, Suffolk. Second edition, considerably enlarged, with an Introductory Chapter. Longman and Co.

THE testimony borne by Dr. Elliotson, in his Harveian Oration, to the efficacy of what, for want of a better name, we must call mesmeric treatment, has naturally led many curious inquirers to pay more attention to the periodical in which the experiences of mesmerists are recorded. This disposition cannot but be increased and confirmed by the circumstances attendant upon the recent painless surgical operations performed upon patients under the influence of ether or chloroform. There has been a curious difference in the reception lately given by medical men to the American mode of superinducing coma before performing operations, and that which they had previously afforded to the

European mode of effecting the same object by mesmeric treatment. If it be true that not a few of the eulogists of gaseous administration have confessed they promoted and practised it only because it was likely to supersede mesmerism, this unphilosophical spirit of partisanship is discredit-able to the professors of so important an art as medicine. At the present moment an historical review of the circumstances alluded to may not be altogether useless.

The *Harveian Oration* is delivered annually in the presence of the assembled College of Physicians, by one of the fellows, in conformity to the will of its founder, the immortal discoverer of the circulation of the blood. The oration, as contemplated by Harvey, consists of two parts. The first, a commemoration of the benefactors of the college; the second, an exhortation to the members to study and search out the secrets of nature by way of experiment. On the 27th of June, 1846, the oration was delivered by Dr. Elliotson. It has since been published by its author, with an English version and notes; an innovation on the usual practice which is thus accounted for: "I have published it in this form because I considered it *my duty* to declare my conviction of the truth of mesmerism before the assembled members of the College of Physicians, and am anxious that the public should know the fact."

The declaration alluded to concludes the oration, and in the English is thus expressed.

\* \* A body of facts is presented to us not only wonderful in physiology and pathology, but of the very highest importance in the prevention of suffering under the hands of the surgeon and in the cure of disease. The chief phenomena are indisputable; authors of all periods record them, and we all ourselves witness them, some rarely, some every day. The point to be determined is whether they may be produced artificially and subjected to our control:—and it can be determined by experience only. The loss of common feeling—anæsthesia, is but a form of palsy, and in it wounds give no pain. If this condition can be induced temporarily by art, we of necessity enable persons to undergo surgical operations without suffering. Whether the artificial production of those phenomena, or the performance of the processes which so often induce them, will mitigate or cure disease, can likewise be determined by experience only. It is the imperative, the solemn, duty of the profession, anxiously and dispassionately to determine these points by experiment, each man for himself. I have done so for ten years, and fearlessly declare that the phenomena, the prevention of pain under surgical operations, the production of repose and comfort in disease, and the cure of many diseases, even after the failure of all ordinary means, are true. *In the name, therefore, of the love of truth, in the name of the dignity of our profession, in the name of the good of all mankind, I implore you carefully to investigate this important subject.*

We are neither sufficiently learned in physiology, nor enough conversant with the experimental phenomena of mesmerism, to decide whether Dr. Elliotson is right or wrong. But when a man of such well-deserved reputation for ability and probity

made so solemn and striking a declaration as we have just quoted, in the presence of the recognized heads of medical science and practice in this country, his assertions became certainly entitled to a candid and respectful scrutiny. Instead, however, of being thus received, Dr. Elliotson's testimony appears to have been generally set aside: by some, with expressions of compassion, much like *Mrs. Candor's*; by others with vulgar triumph over supposed injured prospects. If his practice has been injured, as we suppose it has been, no one at least can doubt that he has suffered for sincerity's sake, and been punished for his conscientiousness. Strange as it may sound to some, it is certain that Dr. Elliotson has *never mesmerized professionally*; that he has taken every step, and incurred many sacrifices, to prevent mesmerism from being in any way a source of emolument to him; and that his experiments and practice in it, which have been the subject of so much remark, have been (when not simply to benefit those who may have refused otherwise to be mesmerized at all) pursued solely on the ground of Harvey's injunction "to study and search out the secrets of nature." Such conduct, however mistaken, guided by such aims, assuredly deserved other treatment than it has almost universally received.

"It is lamentable, deplorable," is the tone of the most intelligent of Dr. Elliotson's critics, "to see this great delusion supported by one of the ablest physicians of this country." With a sense of triumph it is proclaimed by another class that "This eminent physician has labored with all his might, and most successfully, to ruin his own prospects." Again—"Sorely has he suffered for the part he has played. His position is irretrievably lost." One opponent went even so far as to protest against the prevention of pain, because it was "so wise a provision," and because "patients were all the better for it." Such examples may show, that with the fact of Dr. Elliotson's averments having for the most part been received with expressions of incredulous contempt, avowed prejudice has had more to do than even the affectation of superior knowledge. It is to be added, that the eagerness with which the proposals to avoid pain by administering gases have since been caught at, seem to indicate a lurking consciousness of this, and some uneasiness at it.

The excuse of those who have refused to examine into the truth of Dr. Elliotson's assertions, appears to rest in the main upon three averments:—that mesmerism has been practised by gross and shameless quacks; that many or most believers in mesmerism are either very ignorant, or possess only such a smattering of knowledge as is more misleading than pure ignorance; and that many of the stories told by mesmerists are obviously exaggerated and false. The truth of these allegations cannot and need not be called in question. But do they entitle the searcher after truth to exonerate himself from the trouble of inquiring whether truth may not yet lie hid under even all this rubbish?

"Mesmerism has been practised by gross and shameless quacks." Not a doubt of it. The scenes exhibited at the first attempt to introduce it in Paris, now three quarters of a century ago, have never been surpassed in this respect. The darkened chambers, the voluptuous music, the metallic tractors, and other means and appliances to work on the fancies of patients, were quackery of the first water. Much quackery, too, though on a less magnificent scale, has been practised in our own city within these few years by sordid speculators and presumptuous sciolists, who have undertaken to lecture upon mesmerism and get up exhibitions of the mesmeric phenomena. Whenever anything curious in art or science is made a show, trickery is sure to creep in. The exhibitor labors to create an effect; he supplies short-comings; he suppresses what appears suspicious. The mere habit of showing off for money dulls the moral sense. But there must be some reality at the bottom of every show. The first impulse of the actor was genuine sentiment, though his practised exhibitions may be mere grimace. The laws of nature which uphold the juggler's balls in their gyrations, are the same which regulate the motion of the world. Mechanical philosophers have never scrupled to borrow illustrations of their principles from ingenious tricks of legerdemain; why should physiologists be more scrupulous? Is it not worth while to detect the principle in human nature by which *speciosa miracula* are played off, on the chance that it may be turned to some useful account? The veriest jugglers who have ever traded in the exhibition of mesmeric phenomena, have at least shown the possibility of throwing individuals into the state of somnambulism by artificial means: and Dr. Elliotson, a wise and experienced physician, avers after ten years' trial that surgical operations may be performed upon persons in this state without giving pain; nay, that even *its benefit in preventing the pain of surgical operation is insignificant compared with its use in alleviating the distress of disease; and that where it does not offer the means of cure, it induces at the least refreshing sleep and tranquillity.* Surely it is the falsest dignity, the refusing to test by experiment this sanitary agent because quacks may have practised it.

"Many or most believers in mesmerism are grossly ignorant, or possess only such a smattering of knowledge as puffs up and misleads." Agreed. They are in this respect almost on a level with the general body of English medical practitioners. The art of healing in England is studied too much as a mere trade, and too little as a liberal profession. Physicians alone are expected to have enjoyed a university education; and the education in our English universities is so remote from the realities of the age, that few of them learn how to bring it to bear upon their professional pursuits. The surgeons and apothecaries (upon whom devolves by far the larger proportion of medical practice) enter upon their professional studies without any preliminary scientific training whatever. They work away in dissecting-rooms and chemical

laboratories. They pick up the latest experiments and theories from lectures or periodicals. They become clever manipulators, without comprehensive systematic views; and the technical language of physiology or chemistry becomes in their mouths mere parrots' jargon. The intellectual tone of the profession was not unfairly represented by Sir Astley Cooper, in the hackneyed boast of his lectures that he knew nothing about medicine, although he did not scruple to take fees for practising it. Thus it is not easy to determine whether in the course of a twelve years' controversy more crude empiricism has been displayed by the adherents, or the opponents, of mesmerism, among medical men. If the former have too often disfigured their statements, and incurred well-founded suspicion of their reliability by chattering about "magnetic fluids," and such-like mysterious substances and agencies, the existence of which they assume without evidence; the latter have quite as often denied the truth of averments, not on the ground of preponderating evidence or adverse testimony, but because they were irreconcilable with the existing theories of medical practitioners. The question at issue is not by what agency the mesmeric phenomena are produced, but whether they really exist, and whether they are attended by the beneficial consequences which Dr. Elliotson attributes to them? The earnest seeker of truth will not discredit a story because it is told in unphilosophical terms—because the narrator has apprehended it in an unphilosophical manner. He will endeavor to discover, through the veil of an absurd phraseology, the simple facts averred; and he will then examine impartially the evidence which supports or discredits them.

"Many averments made by mesmerists are obviously false and exaggerated." The word "obviously" implies a misconception. The averments of mesmerists regarding the phenomena of coma, somnambulism, &c., and the possibility of producing these states by artificial means, are all of them more or less contradictory to the prevailing opinions of society. The greater or less degree in which they are contradictory, is no test of their probability. In an entirely new range of inquiry, harmony with previous conceptions is no guide. The sultan in the story who swallowed all sorts of European ghost stories, revolted at the idea of water being rendered solid by extreme cold. A philosophical inquirer into the reality of mesmeric phenomena will set to work unbiassed by any prepossession, quite as much in the case of its most marvellous as of its most seeming simple tales. He will demand the same evidence for the production of the simple magnetic sleep, as for the existence of the state in which consciousness is alleged to be diffused through our whole being; and perception to be extended through all time and space. Supposing the investigation challenged by Dr. Elliotson to relate simply to the former class of phenomena, these can only be substantiated by a wider range of inquiry. In vital phenomena, experiment, unless accompanied and checked by

extensive simple observation, is delusive in the extreme. When experiments are made upon living subjects, a non-normal state is superinduced. False inferences are almost certain to be drawn, unless the phenomena produced by the experiments are compared with observations of the corresponding phenomena spontaneously and naturally developed. The inquiry by which Dr. Elliotson's views must be confirmed or overturned, involves careful collection and strict scrutiny of all cases of coma, somnambulism, and other corresponding states, spontaneous or artificially excited, that can be collected by the most accurate and veracious observers during a protracted period.

That we are entitled to look for such an investigation, few dispassionate persons, we think, will doubt, when they read Dr. Elliotson's deliberate assertion published in the *Zoist* some months back :

In my pamphlet *On Painless Surgical Operations in the Mesmeric State*, I, in 1843, recorded one amputation, one removal of a cancerous breast, one division of the ham-strings, one introduction of a seton, one removal of an excrescence, one opening of an abscess, two severe operations on the jaw, &c., and thirty-two teeth extractions—*forty painless operations*. In the *Zoist* are recorded sixteen amputations, the removal of twenty-eight tumors—some enormous, nineteen various operations by incisions of greater or less length, three applications of fire or caustic substances, three cuttings away of cancer of the breast, sixty-seven teeth extractions, three cuttings out of nails, three for hydrocele, one for polypus, one for squinting, three venesections, four introductions of setons and issues—a hundred and two painless operations.

We do not see upon what principle those who have welcomed, and in many forms repeated, the experiment of superinducing insensibility upon patients previous to performing surgical operations, by the administration of deleterious gases, (of whose very possible fatal result a melancholy instance will be found in another part of our paper,) should resolutely refuse similar trial to a process of simple manipulation, which is thus strongly and repeatedly averred to have superinduced the required state of insensibility without introducing foreign deleterious substances into the human system. Mesmeric experiments have for the most part been performed by incompetent persons, because the parties most competent to perform them have refused in the pride of their preconceptions. But they are alleged to have been performed successfully not only by Dr. Elliotson, but by several distinguished medical practitioners on the continent; and there have lately been accessions to believers in their curative agency among the most learned chemists of Germany, and their followers in our Edinburgh schools. Such accredited experiments cannot contract any discredit, from the most suspicious that can be related by ignorant quacks. All the reputation of Dr. Elliotson, or the other gentlemen alluded to, does not preclude the possibility of delusion or mystification. But the part he has taken in the controversy has been manly and consistent throughout. The assertions that his prac-

tice has declined in consequence may be true; and yet it is very possible he may prove to be in the right. The late Sir Charles Bell told, in one of his lectures, an amusing story of one of his ablest pupils who had nearly been rejected at his examination for answering a question rightly; the examiner being ignorant of Sir Charles' discoveries respecting the nerves. If further dispassionate inquiry should corroborate Dr. Elliotson's views, any loss of practice incurred by propagating them will of course greatly increase his claims to honor and esteem.

Readers who wish to obtain a knowledge of the actual position and progress of mesmeric research, cannot do better than consult the pages of the *Zoist*. It is a record of observations and experiments, for the most part narrated by the parties who have made them. The diseases benefited, according to a host of apparently very creditable witnesses, are not merely of the class of nervous disorders, but extend to affections of the digestive organs, and inflammation generally; and not a few of the most remarkable cases seem to establish its efficacy for the purpose of soothing and procuring sleep in all diseases, while the established methods of treatment are employed. The very inequality of ability displayed in the papers, presents in a lively manner an image of the various classes of intellects engaged in the pursuit. One feature they all possess in common; earnestness, and the appearance of good faith. From the third work mentioned at the head of our article, a general outline of the progress of mesmerism since the time of Mesmer may be gathered. Mr. Sandby's *Mesmerism and its Opponents* has reached a second edition, a compliment due to the liveliness and intelligence with which it is written; and is now published in a cheap form. A considerable part of it is devoted to a vindication of the mesmeric phenomena from the charge of being produced by diabolical agency; and but for the quotations with which the book is interspersed, we certainly could not have believed it necessary to undertake such a task at this day. If Mr. Sandby has failed to convince any readers that the devil has no hand in mesmerism, he has at least proved that there are clergymen who gravely preach that doctrine, and audiences who believe them. Mr. Sandby is somewhat diffuse here and there; but the non-diabolical part of the argument is ably written, and his book is not only lively throughout, but is evidently animated by a spirit of fearless candor that vouches for the integrity of the author.

In conclusion let us say, that should any be reluctant to enter upon the examination of the mesmeric phenomena for fear of being laughed at, they will find citations in Mr. Sandby's work from Jussieu, La Place, and Cuvier, that may possibly reassure them. Jussieu, in the separate report he made to the French government, said of one class of mesmeric facts: "They are sufficient to make us admit the possibility or existence of a fluid or agent, which is communicated from one

man to another—and sometimes exercises on the latter a sensible influence." La Place declared "that the testimony in favour of the truth of mesmerism, coming with such uniformity from enlightened men of many nations, who had no interest to deceive, and possessed no possible means of collusion, was such that, applying to it his own principles and formulas respecting human evidence, he could not withhold his assent to what was so strongly supported." And Cuvier admitted that "the effects produced by mesmerism no longer permit it to be doubted that the proximity of two living bodies, in certain positions and with certain motions, has a real result, independent of all participation of the imagination."

From the Spectator.

#### THE LAW OF THE HAMPDEN CASE.

THE opinions delivered in the Court of Queen's Bench on Tuesday, by the four judges, form no decision of the Hampden case. As the voices for and against granting a mandamus were two to two, none was granted, and the application fell to the ground. That estops the judicial investigation of the subject; as there are no formal grounds for referring it to a higher authority by appeal.

But although the voices on the technical application were two to two, the judgments were in effect much more diverse. Mr. Justice Erle stood by the statute of Henry the Eighth in its usual and peremptory acceptation; regarding all forms and semblances of election, judicial confirmation, &c., as mere shadows and pretences. On the other hand, Lord Denman would not issue the writ because he presumed the fitness of the episcopal candidate to have been predetermined by competent authority. Mr. Justice Coleridge interpreted the statute of Henry the Eighth in a non-natural sense. Mr. Justice Patteson did not do so, but presumed its penalties to apply only to *improper* delays in effecting the stages of the episcopal appointment; he supposed the act of confirmation to retain its judicial character untouched by that statute; and finally, wavering in great doubt as to any ultimate conclusion, he inclined to grant the mandamus, because that *might* be right, and if wrong the error could be corrected on appeal. The decisions therefore stand thus: Erle thought the statute absolute as to the purely ministerial character of the episcopational process; Coleridge thought that it could not be "so blasphemous a contrivance;" Patteson was full of doubt, and would grant the writ in order to further argument; Denman thought the writ uncalled for in the particular case.

The law regulating the appointment of bishops, then, is in a state of perfect doubt and obscurity; the court cannot determine or elucidate the law; obstruction and litigation may arise on every such act of the royal prerogative; it is impossible, therefore, that the legislature should delay to interpose in order to settle at least those points which raise the scandalous and gratuitous contests. The elec-

tion, which is no election, but "a mere mockery and a shadow"—the confirmation, at which opposers are cited to appear, forbidden to appear, and censured for not appearing—evidently must be swept away; and if the intervention of dean and chapter and archbishop be retained, it will probably be in some purely and professedly ministerial act of registration.

But even then, the appointment of bishops would remain as an anomaly in the circle of the public appointments: there is an appointment for life with no security for revision of the appointment even if the person should be unfit or incapable, and the crown should have been deluded by false information. The royal prerogative might be exercised in favor of a scapegrace, a heretic, or a madman, and yet there is apparently no means of revising the appointment. In other cases of official appointment, the candidate is selected, or at least adopted, by responsible advisers of the crown who are more or less connected with his own department; the home office is answerable for legal and other domestic appointments, the foreign office for diplomatic, the commander-in-chief for military, the board of admiralty for naval appointments, and so forth. But in the Hampden case, it appears, a high ecclesiastical office was conferred upon the candidate by advice of the lay minister, Lord John Russell; and a question arising as to the fitness of that candidate, there is found to be no opportunity of revising the appointment. There has been no authentic ecclesiastical sanction of it; the minister formally responsible for having advised it is a layman; the allegations against the fitness of the candidate cannot be examined; and, for anything that authentically appears, the royal prerogative may have been exercised on behalf of a wholly improper person. We do not by any means say that it is so; but on the face of the authentic records there is nothing to prove the contrary.

This anomaly has hitherto been to some extent concealed by the forms of the election and confirmation; but on the removal of those forms it will be nakedly displayed. There seems to be wanted in the ecclesiastical department, some party to advise the crown who shall be at once responsible and technically informed. The archbishops are technically informed, but they are not responsible, their offices being fixed; the responsible advisers of the crown, being laymen, are not technically informed. There are ecclesiastics in the privy council, but it does not appear that they have any recognized or practical control over the selection of candidates. To create an ecclesiastical secretary of state would be an innovation, and might (unless the office were enlarged to that of instruction generally) excite considerable disturbance of the public mind. But perhaps every desirable object might be attended by embodying in the privy council a distinct standing committee on ecclesiastical administration. It would call into existence no new machinery, and would quite accord with the general character of our official system.

From the Spectator.

**LOW'S SARAWAK: MARRYAT'S BORNEO AND THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.**

THE enterprise and success of Mr. Brooke has not only turned attention towards Borneo and its vicinity, but has been the means of drawing voyagers thither. His presence at home, as a real live rajah, has also given a temporary attraction to the subject of the Indian Archipelago, which its intrinsic importance would not so readily have attained. In addition to Captain Keppell's work embodying Mr. Brooke's journal, two publications relating to the same region are before us, and another is promised in the advertisements.

Of the works that have now arrived, Mr. Hugh Low's is the more scientific, minute, informing, and complete. Mr. Marryat's embraces a wider extent of region; has more narrative and adventure, greater rapidity of narrative, and a more sketchy style, yet cleverly exhibiting the leading outlines of what comes before the observer. In the *Sarawak* of Mr. Low, the reader is presented with very full information respecting the district assigned to Mr. Brooke as rajah, with observed or collected information respecting other parts of the island. In Mr. Marryat's *Borneo and the Indian Archipelago*, the country Mr. Low explored is also visited, but with a tourist's rapidity, and of course superficially, though the externals are well presented. Mr. Marryat's naval duties, however, took him to very many places in the Archipelago besides Borneo. To give a fuller idea of both books, it will be necessary to consider them separately.

Mr. Hugh Low is now colonial secretary at Labuan or Labuan-an, the uninhabited island off Borneo ceded by the sultan of that country to the English; but, if he held the appointment on the cession of the place, there was nothing then to do, and he passed thirty months at the town of Sarawak, in pursuit of his calling as a naturalist, more especially a botanist; making continual trips into the interior, to observe nature, collect specimens, and acquire knowledge from and about the inhabitants. He also accompanied Mr. Brooke on excursions, and more than once visited the capital city, Brunk. His tours, however, are only alluded to incidentally; and consist for the most part of anecdotes illustrative of the subject under discussion. The title, "*Sarawak, its Inhabitants and Productions*," succinctly expresses the contents of the book. In successive chapters, Mr. Low considers the geography of the island—so far as it is known, its mineral treasures, and its animal and vegetable productions; the district of Sarawak being, of course, more elaborately treated. The inhabitants are discoursed of in like manner, with some historical touches on the question of race. In this part, as in the division relating to natural history, the fullest and most lifelike accounts refer to the country under Mr. Brooke's dominion. The Malays or conquering race, the sea dyaks or pirates, of whom we have heard so much, and the

land dyaks, analogous to the serfs of Europe, are described in their persons, institutions, customs, and character, with that specific and truthful manner which arises from original knowledge.

It will be seen that Mr. Low's arrangement bears some resemblance to that of a geographical dictionary: it has, however, but little of the dryness of such a work. Though not remarkable for animation or art, Mr. Low writes sufficiently well; he is engaged upon his own science, or analogous subjects; and he considers them with that precision and knowledge which induce perfect distinctness, and impart an air of life. When he wanders into the forest or the jungle, we seem to see, without visible effort on his part, the strange forms with the rich foliage and flowers of tropical vegetation. In his rambles through the country, or his sojourns in the town, we obtain a very distinct idea of the cultivation, houses, dress, (or no dress,) and customs of the natives; while his descriptions and anecdotes convey a good picture of their social state. The novelty and freshness of the subject, as well as the interest it possesses, may contribute to the attraction of the volume. Mr. Low states, in apology for the incompleteness of some sections of his work, that he had left part of his notes behind him, not having contemplated publication when he came home. The book, however, may be recommended as the latest and fullest account we have of an island some portion of which is likely soon to be ours.

When the licentious tyranny of the chiefs is put an end to, some approach made to a bearable government, and the security of the neighboring seas established by the destruction of the pirates or the abolition of piracy, Borneo promises to be a place of great commerce, as well in what it gives as in what it takes. Its mineral and vegetable productions are numerous and important; some rare; some, we believe, new. Coal is found there; and, the most attractive of all, gold itself is met with under singular circumstances.

"The gold is found in three situations; in crevices of limestone rocks, in alluvial soil, and in the sand and gravel of the rivers; it is found chiefly on the western and southern portions of the island, but is not obtained in any quantities to the northward. In Sarawak, Sambas, Sangow, and Banjar, it appears most to abound. In Sarawak, it is found in all parts of the country on the right hand or western branch of the river, beyond the influence of the tides; it is found also in the southern branch, but in less considerable quantities. In the crevices of the limestone above mentioned it is worked by Malays.

"Last year I accompanied Mr. Brooke on a visit to the rocks. The place they were then working was about four miles inland from the river, and about that distance from Seniawan and Tundong. This place was called Battu Kaladi, and was a limestone hill about 200 feet in height, the surface of which was worn, like all the limestone rocks of the country, apparently by water, into ridges so sharp that it would have been exceedingly dangerous to have fallen upon them. Amongst these ridges were holes, very small, continuations of

which penetrated into the heart of the mountain, some of them being forty or more feet in depth. The only difficulty appeared to be in the labor of making the aperture sufficiently large to admit the miner; but this accomplished, on his descent he found the bottom, which invariably opened to a cave, covered with earth of a loamy nature. This, on being brought to the surface in baskets, was washed, and we were told produced a bengkal of gold, about one and three quarters of an ounce, from each bushel of earth; from six to ten or twelve bushels being found in each cave, according to its size. It was accordingly a very gainful speculation, and the working of it was carried on by all the idle and poorer classes of the community of Sarawak; so much so, that it was difficult to hire men for ordinary work.

"Gamblers repaired to this employment, and a few weeks' exertion soon repaired their ruined fortunes; so that, by supplying them with funds to encourage them in this vice, it is perhaps no advantage to the settlement. The Chinese, who were not permitted by the Malays to work in the rock, were quietly trenching the earth at the foot of the hill, which they had long worked for the same purpose, and with more certainty of profit, as it is not always that the caves, after the labor expended in getting into them, are found to produce the coveted metal.

"How the gold should be discovered in these fissures at all is very remarkable, and perhaps may afford a curious fact for the study of geologists and mineralogists; it cannot have descended from any place higher, as the caves are found on the highest as well as on the lowest parts of the surface of the flat-topped hill; nor, after repeated examinations of the limestone, is the slightest trace of the metal discoverable in it; the surface of the rock is but scantily furnished with earth, and that is of a vegetable nature. It is true that the whole of the soil of the surrounding district is alluvial, and strongly impregnated with gold, but not to nearly so great an extent as that found in the fissures above described; hence the soil in these differs in the relative quantities it contains. The golden shower into which Jupiter is fabled to have transformed himself appears to have fallen here.

"Antimony is found in a vein in the same rock, the fissures of which produced the gold above described."

#### BORNESE SPIDERS.

"The spiders, so disgusting in appearance in many other countries, are here of quite a different nature, and are the most beautiful of the insect tribe. They have a skin of a shell-like texture, furnished with curious processes, in some long, in others short, in some few, in others numerous; but are found of this description only in thick woods and shaded places; their colors are of every hue, brilliant and metallic as the feathers of the humming-bird, but are, unlike the bright colors of the beetle, totally dependent on the life of the insect which they beautify; so that it is impossible to preserve them."

#### MIDDLE CLASS OF SARAWAK.

"The nakodahs of Sarawak are now men of wealth, and traders on a large scale, some of the boats recently built being as large as 100 tons. They sail annually to Singapore, carrying sago and the other productions of the coast, which they exchange for European goods, Javanese cloths, and brass-work, and the coarse basins and earthen-ware manufactured in China, and brought down by the

junks. Until within very recent times none of these people would have been known to possess money sufficient to build a boat, knowing that it would assuredly have been taken from them. Their improved condition is also seen in the appearance of their houses, which three years since were built entirely on nibong posts and of atap leaves; but, finding that the European influence is likely to be permanent, (which at first they feared might not be the case,) all the better classes have within the above-named period raised houses on posts of balean, and with wooden sides, which would be considered palaces in the capital city of Bruni."

#### HIGH LIFE IN BORNEO.

"It is difficult to conceive how the women of the upper class pass their time confined in the harems of the great: the apartments allotted to them are small and dark, and each wife or concubine has a number of slaves of her own, with whom the other wives do not interfere; their cookery, and all their proceedings, appear to be carried on entirely independent of each other. The indolent enervated persons who now form the principal part of the nobles of Bruni and Sambas confine themselves to the apartments of the women during the whole of the day; what little business they transact being done about ten or eleven at night, which is to them what the day is to other people. They are fond of playing at chess; and those of them who are industrious, as were several of the murdered pañgerans, employed themselves in the manufacture of krises, and the carving and polishing of their beautiful sheaths and handles: in this work they excelled all their subjects. The education of the existing nobles of Bruni has been much neglected; and the greater part of the young nobles, with the sultan at their head, can neither read nor write. Of such a state of things the middle classes of Sarawak would, as has been already observed, be ashamed."

Mr. Marryat served as a midshipman on board the Samarang surveying-ship, in a voyage undertaken to examine the Indian Archipelago; and which, instead of lasting seven years, was cut short at the end of four, in consequence, as Mr. Marryat infers, of the ill-conditioned behavior and unpopularity of her captain, Sir Edward Belcher. The active midshipman occupied himself in sketching what features he saw in those distant regions; and his first intention was to publish fac-similes of his drawings of costume and scenery, so as to convey the truth, such as he saw and could delineate, without improvements or making-up by an artist, who "composes scenery of foliage not indigenous to the country, but introduced to make a good picture." To his drawings Mr. Marryat was advised to add letter-press; he has therefore had recourse to his own journal, and the logs of some of his messmates on occasions when he was not present to give an account of the voyage of the Samarang, the scenes they saw, and the adventures they met with.

There is a narrative of the passage from Spithead; but the voyage really commences from Singapore, and embraces a survey of the coasts of Borneo, and of the islands of the Indian Archipelago as far as Celebes in the parallel of New Guinea towards the south, reaching even to Japan

northwards. The chief intermediate places touched at were Manilla, Singapore, Hong-kong, Chusan, the Loo Choo group, and a great number of islands whose names are unknown, and some of which are uninhabited. All teem with novelty of scenery, or of men, or both. It is to be regretted that no map is published with either of the two volumes. When the region is virtually unknown, a map is necessary from that circumstance itself; and if it has already been surveyed it is a great assistance to the reader, who may not have one at hand.

The requirements of service, the subordinate position of a midshipman, and, as is intimated, the obstacles which the captain of the Samarang often interposed to the indulgence of relaxation, pleasure, or observation, were not favorable to leisurely inquiry; nor perhaps, had the opportunities offered, was Mr. Frank Marryat's the species of genius to have profited by them. There is something of Captain Marryat's natural, truthful, and effective, yet rather superficial style in the sketches. They bring the scene before us; they please the mind, and satisfy the reader. We see the promenade at Manilla, with its mixture of classes—pure Spanish, half-breeds, English residents, and frank and free naval officers; the reader is present, though our author was not, at Captain Belcher's attack upon the prahus, which he took for pirates, and where he evidently seems to have been precipitous; we mount with the party up the perpendicular sides of the hills in Sarawak, where the practised natives, "to the manner born," laughed at the awkwardness and terrors of the tars; and so it is wherever Frank Marryat carries us. But if the reader is desirous of full, solid, and specific information, especially if he wants to use it for didactic purposes, he must resort to the pages of others.

The following sketch of a scene at Borneo, when the diplomatic interferers, after waiting a week, got tired out and determined to bring matters to a crisis, may be taken as a sample of the midshipman's style.

#### DIPLOMATISTS AT BORNEO.

"At seven in the evening the party repaired to the audience-chamber, leaving their arms behind them; for they felt that any effort from five Europeans to defend themselves against so many hundreds, would be unavailing, and that more would be gained by a show of indifference. They landed at the platform; and the barge, in which were Lieutenant Baugh (since dead) and myself, was ordered to lie on her oars abreast of the audience-chamber, and to keep her 6-pounder, in which there was a fearful dose of grape and canister, pointed at the sultan himself during the whole of the interview.

"It was an anxious time; the audience-chamber was filled with hundreds of armed men, in the midst of whom were five Europeans dictating to their sultan. The platform outside was crowded with the wild and fearless Maruts: not a native in the city but was armed to the teeth and anxious for the fray.

"We, on our parts, were well prepared for fearful vengeance; the barge was so placed that the assassination of Mr. Brooke and the Europeans would have been revenged on the first discharge of our gun by the slaughter of hundreds; and in the main

street lay the steamer, with a spring on her cable, her half ports up, and guns loaded to the muzzle, awaiting, as if by instruction, for the discharge of the gun from the barge to follow up the work of death. The platform admitted one of the steamer's guns to look into the audience-chamber, the muzzle was pointed direct at the sultan, a man held the lighted tow in his hand. Every European on board had his musket ready loaded, and matters assumed a serious appearance.

"From where I was on the barge, all appeared hushed in the audience-room. I could see the prime minister, Muda, and Budrudden, as they rose in turn to speak. I could perceive by the motion of their lips that they were talking, but not a sound came to our ears. This state of things lasted about half an hour; and then there was a slight stir, and Mr. Brooke and his party marched towards us through the crowd of warriors.

"By dint of threats he had gained his point. The sultan had signed a treaty, by which he bound himself to respect the British flag, to make over to us the island of Labuan, to destroy the forts on Pulo-Cheremon, to discountenance piracy, and to instal Muda and Budrudden into offices becoming their birth and high rank.

"I have since heard Mr. Brooke remark, that, considering the natives were well aware that our guns were directed against them, the self-possession and coolness shared by every one of them were worthy of admiration. They never showed the slightest emotion; their speeches were free from gesticulation, and even their threats were conveyed in a quiet subdued tone; and everything was carried on with all the calmness and deliberation that might be expected at a cabinet council at St. James'."

This advancement of Mr. Brooke's friends, if made, as it doubtless was, with their own consent, did not last long. They were all shortly murdered by the imbecile sultan and his advisers; which drew upon him another visit from the British navy, and a still more unpalatable treaty. Some if not all of the princes died with the spirit of the ancient sea-kings; a race which the Borneo nobles are said greatly to resemble.

"It was here that we heard the news of the murder of our old friends Rajah Muda and Budrudden. It appeared that they had been accused of being privy to the attack of the English on Maludu, and supporting our claims to the island of Labuan. Budrudden died as he had lived, a brave man and worthy of a better fate. On the approach of his enemies, he retired to his house with his sister and favorite wife, both of whom insisted upon sharing his destiny. For some time he fought like a lion against a superior force, until his servants one by one fell dead. He then retired, dangerously wounded, to an inner chamber, with his wife and sister, and allowing his enemies to follow him till the house was filled with them, he fired his pistol into a barrel of gunpowder, which had been placed in readiness, and at once destroyed himself, his friends, and his enemies. But this barbarous murder on the part of the Sultan of Borneo and his advisers was not left unpunished. Sir Thomas Cochrane went to Bruni with his squadron, and reduced the sultan to submission, and a proper respect for the English and those who were friendly with them."

The plates are a very conspicuous feature in Mr. Marryat's work, and exhibit considerable ar-

tistical ability for an amateur. His single figures and still-life often look like transcripts from nature. His groups convey an idea of the reality; but a want of art in composition is visible, except in the Chinese Joss-House facing the title. The two priests are perfect monks; the two figures in the foreground are "Celestial" demons; and the whole impresses the notion which has often been advanced, of the resemblance of some of the religious forms of the further Asiatics to those of the Romish Church.

From the Spectator, 15 January.

#### THE IRRATIONAL DEFENCELESSNESS.

THE various disputants on the subject of national defence, this week, have followed suit, the advocates of strengthened forces pursuing their representations only, without the production of any new documents of very great mark; and the opposite party pursuing their course in a totally different direction. The sidelong and insinuating persuasions to which the advocates of continued defencelessness resort are curious.

One who argues in the free-trade interest, and seems to think it a merit to exclude every view but the one from his own point, relies for the maintenance of peace on the advance of civilization and the growth of opinion against war. Doubtless these principles will have influence, in their due season and degree. But, to establish the present existence of such an opinion, he asserts that our successful expeditions to Washington and Copenhagen "are now regarded as more injurious and disgraceful to England than to Denmark and the United States." By whom? Certainly the bulk of the English people have not yet learned to forswear the achievements of Nelson, the most popular of all our victorious commanders. It is not true that our people repent the *victories* which we have gained, however they may blame our official rulers for impolitic management of war. And even if England were peopled by Sturges and Gurneys, which it is not, any more than the United States are peopled by Channings and Elihu Burritts, other European countries are not so.

Much has been made of the Duke of Wellington's institution of a comparison between 1804 and the present time, because of his admission that we were at war then and are at peace now: and it is contended, that as Napoleon thought better of his intent then, the Prince de Joinville would do so now. *Non sequitur*. It is not certain that Napoleon was more than half in earnest in 1804: the collection of the flotilla served to fill a gap in his plans of continental aggression, and to amuse the people on whose passions he was achieving his own rise. He had no steamers. He had not a Waterloo to pay off. He was shrewder than most men. And if we were at war then, we were consequently so much the better furnished to resist aggression. Technically, we are now at peace; but it is a peace that has been seriously shaken, by the Syrian war, the Spanish marriages, and other

misunderstandings. There is an actual dispute on the subject of Switzerland; the death of an unfortunate and sickly young lady might revive one of the most embarrassing international questions, the Spanish succession; the death of Louis Philippe might precipitate many provocatives to dissension. Since our "cordial" alliance with France in the early years of the present French dynasty, war, at no remote period, has not seemed so imminent as it does now; and a sense that it is so is universally manifested throughout Europe.

But, we are assured, there must be notice of war; and the Paris telegraph would convey the notice with the utmost promptitude—if the French government allowed it. Declarations of war have been usual, but not without exception; and the next attack on England will probably be without notice, beyond that already conveyed in the avowed desire to surprise us. If we have never been so surprised before—though we have a faint impression of something that once happened at Chatham—it does not follow that we never shall be. When rash nurses are warned that their infant charges are running into danger, it is a common answer to say, "Oh! it has never happened yet;" and the principle of non-intervention is pursued till the child falls out of the window, or burns itself. Nothing ever does happen till the first time. A passive reliance on mere past non-occurrence may be called the anile species of courage.

Allusions are made to the Duke of Wellington's letter, as if he overlooked the protection afforded by the fleet in the channel. Not so. The prudent old warrior does not discuss that branch of the subject, for obvious reasons. His letter forms only part of the correspondence with Sir John Burgoyne, and something had evidently been said by Sir John, or some other party to the discussion, respecting the inefficiency of the fleet. The duke says, "We have no defence, or hope of defence, except in our fleet;" and afterwards, "But as we stand now, and if it be true that the exertions of the fleet alone are not sufficient for our defence, we are not safe for a week after the declaration of war." He had been told that the fleet was no sufficient defence—a statement corroborated by the tract of Admiral Bowles: he replies, in substance, that if the fleet is insufficient, we have no military defence to rely upon; and to that, the military branch of the question exclusively, he devotes his share of the correspondence. Something has since been done to improve our naval defences; but has an efficient fleet yet been called into existence? Admiral Bowles says not.

One great newspaper-military authority—who seems to assume that a militia would be as costly per man and as permanently on duty as a regular standing army—informs us that an adequate steam fleet, as a guard in the channel, would be less expensive and more efficient. Perhaps so. Our contemporary, who takes a seat in every council of war, and as it were writes in born epaulettes, is not so modest as his brother officer the Duke of Wellington, but vouchsafes also revelations on the

naval as well as military topics. He seems to be better versed in Torrens than in Cocker; for his figures are evidently fallacious.

The question at present, however, is not of cost, but of efficiency. Adequate security must, at almost any cost, certainly at even greater cost than has been suggested on the *rational* defence side, be a true economy. It does not follow that increased efficiency should entail increased expense: we have shown, long years ago, and oftener than once, that the army might be made more efficient concurrently with a saving of expenditure, by better organization and improved morale. That is a very proper question to be revived by military economists, but is not the one immediately before us—which is, *whether our present defences are sufficient for safety.*

Many assure us, that if 50,000 Frenchmen did land, they would not return. They would all be slaughtered like geese at Michaelmas, and would be thrown as a nuisance on the sanatory commissioners, Mr. Mackinnon, and others interested in the subject of effectual interment. It needed no ghost to tell that; we have said as much from the first. The assurance, however, is not thoroughly satisfactory. What if we did expunge the invaders? For our part, we profess that we have no sort of desire to destroy fifty thousand Frenchmen. It would not be a pleasant battue. It would have disagreeable and inconvenient sequels. We deprecate any occasion for it.

Nor does it follow that the French or any other invaders must come in numbers so vast: five thousand might inflict disgrace on some defenceless post; five hundred might insult British blood at Herne Bay, or even inflict indelible shame on the empire at Osborne House, if we were not adequately prepared with a police to keep order. What ulterior victory would wipe out that disgrace!

It is not victory that we should seek, but immunity—the immunity of strength. Everybody recollects the anecdote of Dr. Johnson, who accidentally hustled a porter: the big fellow laid down his burden, turned to resent the affront, surveyed the doctor's ponderous back, thought a moment, took up his load again, and walked on in peace. Nothing so enables a man to be peaceful as manifest overwhelming strength—not aggressive displays, but strength in repose. That is what England can and ought to possess.

We are not advocating any particular plans. Many resources of strength have been suggested, with the modes of applying them. It is, for example, a very proper question, whether our permanent strength might not be economically concentrated by recalling troops from our colonies, and leaving the dependencies to the defence of colonial corps: a suggestion that opens divers ulterior questions of colonial government, representation, and other matters. Still it is very proper to be considered: but the immediate question, we repeat, is, *whether we are safe as we are*—is our defence sufficient? if not, what would make it so?

It is a question which it concerns us to settle, not for the furtherance of war, nor solely for the maintenance of our own honor, but for the continuance of peace throughout Europe. If England is the nation most disposed to peace, it is well that she should be best prepared to preserve it. It is in the interest of peace, of true economy, of undisturbed tranquillity at home, that we call for authentic proof of efficient defences.

From the Spectator.

#### MRS. CROWE'S NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE.

A WELL-CHOSEN collection of ghost-stories, second-sight tales, fulfilled dreams, and other incidents of a supernatural kind, is a want in our literature; much more a really critical book upon the subject. To a certain point, such works must proceed upon the same principle. The popular collection should as strictly eschew merely vulgar stories, or apparitions without drift or character, as the more critical review; at the same time, it should as accurately trace up every tale to its original source, so that the reader should have distinctly before him the exact authorities upon which the accounts rest; since, very often, if they were thoroughly sifted, they would from their time or character be found to be totally unworthy of credit, or not possessing the *kind* of credit that would be requisite to establish an improbable natural fact, much more a supernatural story. At this stage the critical exposition would begin. In the case of ghosts, it would be the critic's duty to see whether the appearance might probably arise from the now well-known spectral illusions of disease, or from that delusion of the senses which takes place when we see objects in an imperfect light, especially if the eye suddenly rests upon them—as when awakened from a dream, or opening the eyes after they have long been shut. Perhaps there are few persons whose slumbers are disturbed but have seen objects of a spectral appearance, which are resolved into some article of drapery, &c., on rising in the bed or approaching still closer. It would also be the duty of the inquirer, in case of alleged warnings by these visitations, to reflect how far they were explainable by dreams excited by previous feeling. Above all, it would be necessary to consider what grounds there were for apprehending trick, mystification, or hoax; or whether the narrator of the tale might himself invent it to divert attention from a predetermined suicide—as was alleged to be the case with the second Lord Lyttleton. The writer should likewise deduce the principles which these narratives contain—as the remote and roundabout manner in which ghostly business is invariably done, as Grosse observed; or the well-known law that ghosts never speak first; or a rule that, we believe, is equally established—when any murder is to be mentioned, deathly warning conveyed, or other deep mystery transacted, the apparition comes in the dead of the night—when the object is only to terrify or annoy, the visitant disregards

the crowing of the cock and besets his victims by day.

"Dreams remarkably fulfilled" would be subjected to a similar scrutiny. Was the subject one which the person was likely to think upon, and thus to dream about? was he likely to consider any conclusion, and so interested as unconsciously to argue causes, too subtle to be recorded in his mind? or—since every movement of a pebble is now said to exercise an (imperceptible) influence on the gravitation of the whole of our solar system—were the subject and the warning likely to have been influenced by any previous thought of the dreamer, now forgotten? The following story will illustrate some of the principles we are endeavoring to trace. It is new to us, and differs from the generality of similar solemn warnings by the poetical and even philosophical light in which hell is represented.

Some ninety years ago, there flourished in Glasgow a club of young men, which, from the extreme profligacy of its members and the licentiousness of their orgies, was commonly called the Hell Club. Besides their nightly or weekly meetings, they held one grand annual saturnalia, in which each tried to excel the other in drunkenness and blasphemy; and on these occasions there was no star amongst them whose lurid light was more conspicuous than that of young Mr. Archibald B., who, endowed with brilliant talents and a handsome person, had held out great promise in his boyhood, and raised hopes which had been completely frustrated by his subsequent reckless dissipations.

One morning, after returning from this annual festival, Mr. Archibald B. having retired to bed, dreamed the following dream:—

He fancied that he himself was mounted on a favorite black horse, that he always rode, and that he was proceeding toward his own house—then a country-seat embowered by trees, and situated upon a hill, now entirely built over, and forming part of the city—when a stranger, whom the darkness of night prevented his distinctly discerning, suddenly seized his horse's rein, saying, "You must go with me!"

"And who are you?" exclaimed the young man, with a volley of oaths, whilst he struggled to free himself.

"That you will see by and by," returned the other, in a tone that excited unaccountable terror in the youth; who, plunging his spurs into his horse, attempted to fly, but in vain. However fast the animal flew, the stranger was still beside him, till at length, in his desperate efforts to escape, the rider was thrown; but, instead of being dashed to the earth, as he expected, he found himself falling—falling—falling still, as if sinking into the bowels of the earth.

At length, a period being put to this mysterious descent, he found breath to inquire of his companion, who was still beside him, whither they were going. "Where am I? Where are you taking me?" he exclaimed.

"To hell!" replied the stranger; and immediately interminable echoes repeated the fearful sound, "To hell! to hell! to hell!"

At length a light appeared, which soon increased to a blaze; but, instead of the cries, and groans, and lamentings, the terrified traveller expected, nothing met his ear but sounds of music,

mirth, and jollity; and he found himself at the entrance of a superb building, far exceeding any he had seen constructed by human hands. Within, too, what a scene! No amusement, employment, or pursuit of man on earth, but was here being carried on with a vehemence that excited his unutterable amazement. "There the young and lovely still swam through the mazes of the giddy dance! There the panting steed still bore his brutal rider through the excitements of the goaded race! There, over the midnight bowl, the intemperate still drew out the wanton song or maudlin blasphemy! The gambler plied forever his endless game, and the slaves of Mammon toiled through eternity their bitter task; whilst all the magnificence of earth paled before that which now met his view."

He soon perceived that he was amongst old acquaintance, whom he knew to be dead; and each, he observed, was pursuing the object, whatever it was, that had formerly engrossed him; when, finding himself relieved of the presence of his unwelcome conductor, he ventured to address his former friend Mrs. D.—whom he saw sitting, as had been her wont on earth, absorbed at loo—requesting her to rest from the game, and introduce him to the pleasures of the place, which appeared to him to be very unlike what he had expected, and indeed an extremely agreeable one. But with a cry of agony, she answered, that there was no rest in hell; that they must ever toil on at those very pleasures: and innumerable voices echoed through the interminable vaults, "There is no rest in hell!" whilst throwing open their vests, each disclosed in his bosom an ever-burning flame! These, they said, were the pleasures of hell; their choice on earth was now their inevitable doom! In the midst of the horror this scene inspired, his conductor returned, and, at his earnest entreaty, restored him again to earth; but, as he quitted him, he said, "Remember! in a year and a day we meet again!"

At this crisis of his dream, the sleeper awoke, feverish and ill; and, whether from the effect of the dream or of his preceding orgies, he was so unwell as to be obliged to keep his bed for several days; during which period he had time for many serious reflections, which terminated in a resolution to abandon the club and his licentious companions altogether.

He was no sooner well, however, than they flocked around him, bent on recovering so valuable a member of their society; and, having wrung from him a confession of the cause of his defection, which, as may be supposed, appeared to them eminently ridiculous, they soon contrived to make him ashamed of his good resolutions. He joined them again; resumed his former course of life, and when the annual saturnalia came round, he found himself with his glass in his hand at the table; when the president, rising to make the accustomed speech, began with saying, "Gentlemen, this being leap-year, it is a year and a day since our last anniversary," &c. &c. The words struck upon the young man's ear like a knell; but, ashamed to expose his weakness to the jeers of his companions, he sat out the feast, plying himself with wine even more liberally than usual, in order to drown his intrusive thoughts; till, in the gloom of a winter's morning, he mounted his horse to ride home. Some hours afterwards, the horse was found, with his saddle and bridle on, quietly grazing by the road-side about half-way between the city and Mr.

B.'s house; whilst a few yards off lay the corpse of his master.

Now, as I have said in introducing this story, it is no fiction; the circumstance happened as here related. An account of it was published at the time, but the copies were bought up by the family. Two or three, however, were preserved, and the narrative has been reprinted.

The first thing a critic would have to note here would be, that in referring to little-known books, the title should be given, especially place, date, and publisher's name. Secondly, nothing is more likely than that a man who had thrown away good opportunities should brood over his misdeeds during those periods of depression which ensue, when the stomach and nervous system are suffering from the languor and disturbance of over-excitement. If Mr B had been religiously brought up, as is probable from the age and locality, he might rather have stifled than altogether have discarded his belief. Nothing was therefore more natural than for him to dream upon the subject of hell. The warning is equally natural. In all such cases, (and in his childhood he had doubtless heard of many, for they are common enough,) the time for a second visitation is fixed, sometimes with an object, sometimes without. Inevitable associations in Mr. B.'s mind would fix upon some date; and such warnings, like certain prophecies, tend greatly to their own fulfilment; besides, few things are more likely than that a drunken rider should be thrown from his horse and killed. The curious part is the precise and appropriate features of hell; for few will incline to think (as Mrs. Crowe almost seems to do) that the character of future punishment should be shrouded in darkness for thousands of years to be revealed in a vision to a profligate of Glasgow; and that without attaining its apparent end. It is possible that the fever in the region of the chest might have suggested the idea.

Mrs. Crowe's *Night-Side of Nature, or Ghosts and Ghost-Seers*, aims at being, not critical, but philosophical. The writer speculates upon the unseen and unknown world, as well as narrates its wonders; having derived some of her views from the German mystical and mesmeric writers. One of her notions is, that there may really be, as ancient mythology held, a threefold future state—a place of bliss, a place of torture, and an intermediate state, where the ghosts are neither in weal nor woe, but exceedingly dissatisfied and grumbling, and consisting of persons who in this world had no character at all. Mrs. Crowe believes in witchcraft and animal magnetism; and she explains various supernatural circumstances by means of the latter, as well as uses it to show the *modus operandi* of certain occurrences. Sleep she inclines to think a retrograde step towards instinct, which may render its decisions truer than those of waking reason; she also inclines to hold that we have a double life—one for waking and one for sleeping, as well as a double person (or we mistake her)—the soul, or rather something material, being able to leave the body and go abroad by it-

self; and so she goes on, not passing beyond some of the clairvoyant folks, for that is impossible, but pretty well coming up to them.

Many of her tales are much better than her philosophies. Some, indeed, have a touch of the true spectral thrill about them; but others are trivial, or vulgar, or inherently bad. Mrs. Crowe, too, frequently omits to quote any authority; and when she does quote, her references are mostly vague, not specifying the book, but merely the writer's name. Besides much idle matter, there are, we think, some omissions of good. But the arrangement is complete. Warnings, presentiments, wraiths, double dreaming, trance, doppel-gangers or doubles, ghosts, haunted houses, spectral lights, and family apparitions, (as the Irish Banshee,) are all handled in their turn; as well as miscellaneous and philosophical topics. From the writer's faith we, of course, totally dissent; and a better book of ghostly tales might be made without much difficulty; but those who like to go "trembling to their beds," will find a good deal of suitable matter in *The Night-Side of Nature*; only let them take care to avoid chapters whose titles are too profound.

From the Spectator.

#### CAPTAIN BELCHER'S NARRATIVE OF THE VOYAGE OF THE SAMARANG.\*

THESE volumes give the official and authorized account of the surveying voyage of the Samarang in the Eastern Archipelago, the Northern Seas of China, and Japan; furnishing the information in which Mr. Frank Marryat's book was deficient, and filling up gaps which his slight and sketchy narrative of necessity passed over. Besides much fuller geographical and practical information, Captain Belcher's *Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. Samarang* contains a more sober view of men and things than the rather artistical and literary pictures of the midshipman. The reader has a much closer and more mature view of the ministers and monarchs of those distant regions, with information as to the policy, if it can be called such, of the trading and piratical peoples, than a subordinate officer could attain. "Notes" are appended to the nautical narrative on the natural history of the islands, by Mr. Adams, assistant-surgeon to the expedition; and a capital map of the Archipelago, and charts of the more important places surveyed, accompany the volumes. There is also a pretty copious vocabulary, for practical objects, of ten languages exclusive of Spanish, spoken in those seas, with some remarks on their character and structure.

As far as mere amusing reading is concerned, Mr. Marryat's volume may be found preferable:

\* Narrative of the Voyage of H. M. S. Samarang, during the years, 1843-46; employed surveying the islands of the Eastern Archipelago; accompanied by a brief vocabulary of the principal languages. Published under the authority of the lords commissioners of the admiralty. By Captain Sir Edward Belcher, R. N., C. B., F. R. A. S., &c. &c., commander of the expedition. With notes on the natural history of the islands, by Arthur Adams, assistant surgeon, R. N. In two volumes.

those who wish to comprehend the scope and result of the voyage, to get a clear view of the character and policy of the principal peoples of those parts, to judge of our prospects of quickly opening an extensive trade with the Archipelago, and to form a distinct geographical idea of the region, must possess themselves of Captain Belcher's work. Nor will it, amid its instruction, be found unattractive. The minute geographical description occasionally impedes the narrative; but it has novelty of scenery and character, a sprinkling of adventure, and the interest which attends upon that Eastern Archipelago, still shrouded in the sort of mystery that always hangs about the distant unknown; for although Captains Belcher and Keppell with Mr. Brooke have thrown light upon some of the coast and river districts, the interior of the larger islands is nearly a blank.

This Eastern or Indian Archipelago extends from about 100 to 130 degrees of east longitude, and from 10 degrees of south latitude to about 20 degrees of north. On the west and south, it is bounded by the large islands of Sumatra and Java, with about a dozen smaller, of which the best known is Timor. The eastern boundary is formed by the Philippine and the Molucca or Spice Islands; the Malay Peninsula and Siam run well down from the north along the western side. The upper or northern part of the great basin, shut in or formed by the regions above-mentioned, consists of the Chinese Sea; the lower or southern part is well filled up by Borneo and Celebes; the eastern portion of the middle is dotted by Palawan and the numerous islands of the Sooloo Archipelago. This description, however, is merely a general indication; for there are numerous islands and smaller groups studding the seas within the limits above-mentioned, many of which are incorrectly laid down even as regards position, and some even yet unnamed and unknown.

This district was the main scene of Captain Belcher's labors; they were prematurely terminated by his recall at the end of four years, instead of the usual seven; which was unlucky for geography. His survey, however, was extended to the Meia-co-shimas and Loo-Choo islands, between 24° and 27° north latitude, as well as the Korean Archipelago, about the parallel of Japan. He also visited the port of Nangasaki in this self-isolating empire; and, unless diplomatic hypocrisy was carried to a most remarkable pitch, Captain Belcher was received with unusual frankness and friendliness, and "formed a connection" which it is a great pity he had not the opportunity to return and cultivate. The Japanese were acquainted with our doings in China; and they appear well able to draw the distinction between a man-of-war and a trading vessel laden with missionaries and other prohibited goods. They had heard of the Samarang from various quarters; and they had knowledge enough to comprehend the objects of the survey, and policy enough to grant permission to measure the *sea*—the *land*, they said, was forbidden to be measured. It is true, no one was per-

mitted to set foot in the city; but an island was assigned to make observations, although Captain Belcher was afterwards begged not to use it; to which, having completed his observations, he consented. By this and similar prudent measures, etiquette was laid aside and a tolerably confidential intercourse established. Hopes were indeed held out, that, if they would wait, permission to land might be obtained from the superior authorities, to whom a report of the Samarang's arrival had been transmitted; and an invitation was made for the vessel to return, when, landing or no landing, certain curiosities should be ready. From Captain Belcher's account, the Japanese seem to have more of gentlemanly frankness than the Chinese, and to be better educated, at least in useful things—both Dutch and English are taught in a college at Nangasaki to the youths of the higher classes. A painful restraint, resulting from despotism and a system of espionage, appears one of the worst features in their character as it was shown to the expedition. As any really graphic and trustworthy account of this sealed-up empire has not lately reached us, we will draw rather freely on Captain Belcher's pages.

One very intelligent and active person, who seemed to fill the situation of secretary and linguist to the deputation, acted as the medium of communication with our Chinese interpreter, occasionally in characters, but principally *visa voce*. The chief of this deputation, a very prepossessing person, of about fifty-five years of age, and excessively polite, informed me, that although we could not ourselves visit the shore, he had been instructed to prepare a list of any articles which we required, either for the ship or ourselves; and it was fully understood that we were to pay for them, as the prices were named for every article mentioned. Fresh meat, vegetables, water, and spars, were noted for the ship; and fruit and some minor articles for the use of the officers. There were many articles of ornament which I wished to purchase; but the reply was, "If you wait fourteen days, you will have them, as they must be sent for; and if you wish any particular articles manufactured for you, (Japan tables, desks, &c.) they will be ordered, and prepared for you by your return next year; when it is highly probable that you will be permitted to land." In this I am satisfied they were sincere.

After this, (consenting not to take observations on land,) I soon found a relaxation of formal etiquette; the ship was thronged with strangers, and intercourse on all sides became unrestrained. The greater part of the chiefs begged that I would write my name, with that of the ship, upon their fans; and the two principal presented me with their duplicates, upon which their names were written by the interpreter. Upon some pretence, the three minor authorities were sent to examine the ship; leaving the old chief and the interpreter, who, upon the cabin being cleared, asked many indifferent questions, which probably were not considered proper in the presence of others. He informed me that they were perfectly aware of what had taken place between us and the Chinese; but he could not conceive how they had been brought to *pay the money*; *promises* he could understand, but their *fulfilment* was beyond his belief. When assured that it was in part paid, and if not paid at the time agreed

on, that we should continue to hold Chusan and Amoy, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "England must be very powerful." He then wished to examine the strength of my arm, by feeling the muscles, afterwards exhibiting his; observing, "I am a larger man, but I am very weak; the English are all strong, though not large." Two of my boats' crew were sent for, as if to perform some duty in the cabin; one an Englishman, about six feet two, and strong in proportion; the other a mulatto, born at Nova Scotia, about six feet, and immensely powerful; the latter surprised him amazingly; he was also one of the handsomest colored men I have seen, and a great favorite on board. Our visitor then minutely examined every part of the cabin and furniture, and repeatedly observed, that if I wished anything made for me, that he would have it executed by the period of my return the ensuing year; and frequently, upon asking if they had articles similar to those noticed by him in my cabin, he replied, wait until the answer from the emperor arrives, and then it is probable that you will be able to judge for yourself. This remark was repeatedly made by the other chiefs, and also by the secretary or interpreter when alone with me. I am therefore satisfied that they believed the "report," as they termed it, would be favorable. Wishing to make some present to the chief, I endeavored to fix his attention upon some object about the cabin; but he evidently avoided the subject. As they seemed to notice the tea which was provided for them, and which was of the finest quality, I took occasion to offer a small ten-pound box of some which I had purchased for the express purpose. Verbally he accepted it, and it was put into his boat; but after he quitted, another boat was sent back with it, possibly because it had not been conveyed thither with sufficient secrecy; for I witnessed the perfect assent of the secretary himself, before it was sent over the side. It is very difficult to obtain good tea either at Japan or Loo-Choo; and at both places they acknowledged that they were unable to obtain from China any of a quality similar to that shown to them, although they had the same character of tea. \* \*

Many questions were put relative to the Dutch on Desima, and as to whether any of their vessels were in port; but all questions relative to them were evaded; nor did we see or hear of any belonging to that factory. To one observation which I made, relative to the permission which we were informed that the Dutch occasionally obtained for a day's range in the country, it was answered, simply, "The English will obtain more if they are admitted to land." They were extremely inquisitive as to the Frenchmen at Loo-Choo, and distinctly asked if one was a Catholic priest. I understood the question by the gesture; and before my interpreter expounded it, desired him to say that we neither interfered with the affairs of Dutch or French—turning the tables in this instance, upon their own evasions relative to the former. \* \*

One of the young students understood English slightly, could pronounce a few English words, and readily caught at every expression, recording it in his note-book. He had proceeded so far as to write several of the names of the officers in English, when it was probably noticed by some of the authorities; and as my readers have, doubtless, frequently noticed a dead silence amongst a collection of noisy sparrows, followed by a sudden chirrup and flight, without any visible cause, so it happened with these young students; who, without any apparent authority, hurried off very suddenly to the boats. I strong-

ly suspect that many of our visitors were persons of high rank in disguise. The greater number wore two swords—denoting gentlemen of consideration; and from the devices or crests (in solid gold) noticed upon the hilts of those worn by one or two rather distinguished individuals, and which I was assured were armorial bearings, and duly acknowledged amongst themselves, I was induced to draw comparisons to similar outlines of the badges on the shoulders of the attendants, who were in their turn designated as the retainers belonging to persons of high rank. Coupling their emblems with those on the swords, and the evident connection of master and follower, I had travelled rather too fast in my chain of reasoning, forgetting that discovery would very soon leave me deserted; and such was the result of my asking if the person behind my nearest friend was one of his retainers. They did not deny it, but shook their heads; and shortly after they stole away leaving me with the old chief. As this was our last day, and the boats would continue to come until a late hour with wood, water, and other supplies, the old chief remained until eight o'clock, and on retiring begged that I would consent to receive him at two o'clock in the morning, and converse until daylight, "such being the custom of the country." To this I consented; the chief departing, but leaving the secretary to see everything complete before he quitted. It was clearly understood that the arrangement for payment was to take place immediately the catalogue was found to be correct; but the secretary now declared, "that it was by an express order of the government that everything had been provided free of cost, and that it was the custom of the country. If a Japan ship goes to your country, I am sure you would do the same; the country bears the expense, it does not come out of the purse of any individual. Finally, I cannot act in the matter you wish; if I should even name it, I should be disgraced, perhaps lose my life." Drawing me to the taffarel, where no one but himself and our interpreter could witness the conversation, he freely acquainted me with the friendly disposition of the chiefs and great people of Nangasaki towards the English; and their hope that on our return the high councillors would consent to our admission—acknowledging freely that it was within their province entirely, (not the emperor's,) and that no man could form any conception as to the view they would take. All he knew was, that kindly expressions had transpired amongst the great chiefs about Nangasaki, and they were generally forerunners of good. Relative to the visit of the chief, he would probably come alone, or be attended by three or four, including himself; and that they would take tea and sweetmeats. Directing the necessary preparations to be made, I took my nap, rising at two, and waiting with considerable anxiety until daylight. No one came; but the heavy rains which fell probably prevented the visit, which I construed into an official act, of seeing all correct up to the moment of sailing.

There is one peculiar feature attending this visit. On all former occasions that Japan has been visited by strangers, an edict has been issued forbidding any return. In this instance the promise to revisit Nangasaki was received with apparent satisfaction, and the chiefs (and it extended to the young men of family) expressed the hope that they might be able to show me their houses and introduce me to their families. They further requested, that I would bring with me cow-pock matter, sulphate of quinine, ipecacuanha, nux vomica, and

other medicines; engaging on their part to have several little commissions executed for me. All these communications were privately made in my cabin, but duly committed to paper. I am therefore far from believing in such consummate hypocrisy as to imagine for an instant that any deceit was practised.

The reader will have remarked the high state of civilization and education indicated by these extracts; but in fact, much more of knowledge exists throughout those regions than might be supposed. In the Korean Archipelago, and the Loo-Choo and Meia-co-shima Islands, the civilization is Chinese, or of a Chinese character; in the Indian Archipelago, it is Malayan, of which the *learning* is Mahometan, except in the Spanish dominions, where the Romish priests have taught a little—not much. Throughout the greater part of those countries, however, there appears to be a conquering race, which not only retains power and its advantages, but very grievously oppresses the aboriginal race or races, (for sometimes they are two, such as were the Britons and Saxons in our own country,) not only by tyrannical modes of government, but by piracy and robbery after the ancient “noble” fashion of Europe. It might, however, have been difficult for a stranger visiting an European noble of the middle ages, to find so much intelligent curiosity on a rather abstract subject of science as was displayed by the chiefs of the island of Sooloo. Danielle, a sort of “opposition” nobleman, had offered his seat to the expedition for their magnetic observations; and thither they went.

The house of Dato Daniell is situated upon a rising ground, about half a mile inland from the northern limit of the town; and but for the occurrence of occasional disturbances, which render it necessary for each chief of a clan to make his establishment a fortress, would be termed a neat farm. He is surrounded by his relatives at very short distances from his house; forming together the superior class or aristocracy of the island. Here we experienced not only the utmost kindness and attention from our excellent host and his connections, but were freed from the visits of impertinent curiosity. Some of the inland or mountain chiefs, noted for their total disregard of all restraint, paid me a visit at the house of the Dato, and expressed themselves much attached to their old allies the English. They exhibited great anxiety to view our instruments, but evinced some little restlessness when they found that a compliance with their wish would be attended by disarming; such an operation being deemed nearly tantamount to disgrace. The character and weight of Dato Daniell was, however, deemed sufficient guarantee against any loss of caste; and they were much delighted by the beauty of the instruments, more particularly by Fox's dipping needle, placed beyond the limits of influencing the more delicate magnetometers. Of the uses of this instrument they appeared to comprehend more than I had given them credit for; although I have remarked, as a general feature amongst the better-educated Malays, as well as Chinese, that they understood more of the properties of the magnet than many educated Europeans. I

expected to excite their surprise by the reversal of the poles of the dipping needle, and I was assisted by my very intelligent friend Mr. Wyndham as interpreter: but the better-informed of Dato Daniell's family gave me to believe that they understood it perfectly. Indeed, I was told that the younger brother Udin was an ingenious mechanic, and could take a watch to pieces and clean or repair it. He attached himself particularly to the observing position during the whole period, and seemed to take great delight in the interchange of English and Malayan terms; explaining the differences or additions of Biscayan, which renders the Soög language almost distinct. To Dato Daniell we were indebted not only for the flattering hospitality during our temporary occupation of his grounds, but through his exertions were enabled to purchase the best cattle at reasonable prices, in addition to several pet animals, which at this and our previous visit he as well as his mother had been kind enough to send as presents. His fine figure, mild countenance, as well as manly, independent bearing, obtained for him a most marked distinction amongst his own community. He was evidently considered by the sultan and his wily prime minister (Dato Muluk) as a man neither to be despised nor trifled with. With us he was an especial favorite; and I am sure that no one could wish greater prosperity to the Sooloo nation than the elevation of this chief to the government, either as sultan or prime minister.

Many similar sketches of manners and character tempt us, but they must be passed over for a more practical matter—the prospects of trade with the countries in question. On that head Captain Belcher does not speak so hopefully as other writers have done, or as the capability of the countries, from their climate and position, as well as from the variety and richness of their productions, would seem to warrant. However, his reasons are specific.

I have looked very closely into the general habits and transactions of the accessible tribes, and their sources of trade in Borneo, Sooloo, and Singapore; and I have it from personal observation, as well as the best European authority, that no commerce can be carried on in these regions without the intervention of the Arab or Malay, unless the European agent visits or resides, and personally transacts the business, on the spot. I have before alluded to Mr. Wyndham, resident at Sooloo: from many conversations with that gentleman, who is an individual coming strictly within my meaning, I have reason to know that no profitable trade can be pursued where the intervention of a Malay occurs. I was thoroughly acquainted with the value of the goods lent by him on credit, as well as the returns for them; and in the offers made to me by the sultan of Gunung Taboor, begging me to induce English merchants “to reside at Gunung Taboor, and trade,” I ascertained, that he was a loser of nearly three hundred per cent. by trusting to his agent, Si Dawut. I had occasion also to deal with the Bugis traders, who endeavored to monopolize the whole trade of Borneo; and I found, by reference to their transactions with the sultan of Balungan, as well as at Gunung Taboor, that their profits were enormous—charging for the quantity of rice valued at about one dollar at Sooloo, about forty dollars here. [Balambangan, northern point

of Borneo.] With regard to handkerchiefs, valued at two dollars Sooloo, we could not make a comparison, as those from Celebes passed through Dutch channels; but, the intrinsic value at which the sultan reckoned them was ten dollars each, being five hundred per cent. on the Manila prices, and if exchanged for bird's-nests, sometimes reaching the value of twenty.

These remarks are intended to apply chiefly to the supposed sources of trade arising from Maludu Bay with Balambangan. Of the value of this trade I am informed that nothing but camphor-barus, seed-pearls, shells, tripang, and a small quantity of tortoise-shell, may be expected from this source; and this not offering sufficient profit to an Arab merchant to repeat the venture at the risk of his property as well as life. We may safely inquire, then, would an English trader, differing so totally in religion, enter these haunts of what are designated, at the present day, "pirate dens," to seek for goods where one of their own tribe is scarcely safe? It is only necessary to turn our attention to the river Kotai. Have the Dutch or English, after repeated attempts for a series of years, succeeded in opening trade, by the intervention of Europeans, with the ruling powers in that river? It is monopolized by the Bugis traders of Celebes; and so great is their influence there, that it is supposed to be their object to exclude even their own allies the Dutch. \* \* \*

The trading interests of Borneo, or the probabilities of our commerce increasing in these regions to the amount contemplated by some over-sanguine advocates, requires to be guarded against. From the year 1843 to the present time, I have made it my study, as it was my duty, to collect and weigh every minute circumstance which could bear upon this most important subject; nor will I yield to any one in feeling of deep interest for the success of our new position. At Singapore, as well as at Hong-kong, Manila, and Sooloo, some of my readers will understand the assertion I make, "that I not only used every effort to open the trade direct with Gunung Taboor, Tambisan, and Kabatuan; but at my persuasion, two persons have made the attempt;" others met me with the observation, "All which you state is very true, and the prices are favorable in the highest degree; but you cannot warrant half a cargo, even for a small schooner." At Gunung Taboor the sultan bound himself to supply a cargo for one vessel filling up with rattans, cassia bark, &c., but more he could not promise, as the collection of one year. At Kabatuan, I was informed, that beyond about thirty canoes present, the same quantity of pepper might be added, but no more. At Kimanis, it was probable that pepper, wax, camphor, and bird's-nests, would afford twenty canoe loads. All these proceeds would amount, possibly, to ten tons; stripping the coast for the season. Treating of Maludu Bay, and the sources of trade to be derived from that region, I have observed, p. 124, "that the establishment of a British port or colony on any part of the northern shores of Borneo will not, I suspect, induce any of the native authorities to send there for sale." This remark is intended to apply to cargoes or quantities. The small traders will, as remarked to me by Mr. Brooke, creep alongshore, and find their way to the best market. But until the colony is firmly settled, and piracy annihilated on the range of coast by which trade must pass, this state of affairs will be slow of arriving; and when it does, still, until the

habits of the inland tribes become settled, and they plant for and send to your market, the same scantiness of tonnage must prevail.

From this it follows that two things are needed—safety on the seas; and regular government, or at least security for property. The latter can only be obtained by conquest: the piratical expeditions may be very much impeded if not destroyed by cruisers; and there seems no reason why some of the vessels now wasting time and lives in western Africa should not be more usefully employed in the east. An active squadron would harass and annoy the pirates; but it must be several years before they could be put down, as their strongholds cannot all be destroyed. Some of the lesser nests, indeed, would be a task of difficulty, from the nature of the approaches and of the country: the French squadron, one of whose boats had been fired into, suffered greatly in forcing their way to one of these places, and then the pirates vanished in the jungle. The strongest and most important post of all is under the nominal dominion of Spain; and the dons would never suffer an invasion of their territory, for strangers to do what Spaniards cannot.

WILLIAM THOM, THE POET.—A contemporary describes the present condition of the Scottish weaver poet, William Thom. Of his invitation to London, his arrival here, his reception, and the publication of his poems, the public have long since been aware; but there are very few persons who have any knowledge of his last days in England, and his departure back to Scotland, if not entirely a "broken man," at least so reduced in mind and body as to offer a melancholy contrast to what he was four years since, when a public festival was held to greet him, and the future promised most fair. For several months previous to the day he left London, his circumstances had become very narrowed. In this crisis his case was made known to a few of the directors of the Literary Fund Society; its secretary, Mr. Blewitt, received instructions to communicate with him, and in a few days afterwards he received the intelligence that £40 had been granted him. With this sum Thom instantly set about the realization of a scheme he had long since entertained—namely, a return to Scotland, the purchase of a loom for himself and wife, and the opening of a little shop for the sale of periodicals, through the profits arising from which, and an occasional contribution of poetry to the magazines, he hoped to be enabled to pass the remainder of his life in peace and comparative comfort. Owing to the kindness of Mr. Gordon, the earliest encourager of his poetic talent, and Dr. Bowring, M. P., Thom's eldest boys, William and James, have been put into a fair way of earning their bread—the former being a student in Aberdeen College, the latter filling a situation on the Blackwall railway. That the hearty good wishes of the public will follow the poet Thom to his native land, we have no doubt. The London chapter in his life illustrates, in a remarkable degree, the misfortunes attending the career of those who trust to literature for bread, and look towards London as the place in which their claims to fortune are sure of recognition.

From the Spectator, 29 Jan.

#### FATE OF THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

WHILE most of the ministerial and free trade journals have been mystifying their readers with fallacious statements of the West India question, the *Examiner* has put forth a distinct recognition of principles, which, if our government had acted on them some years ago, would have averted the ruin impending over the planters, saved the British people many millions sterling, spared the present ministers their perplexing responsibility, and greatly advanced the well-being of the race on whose behalf the benevolent crusade, that threatens to prove in every way so disastrous, was set on foot. Whether a resort, now, to the policy indicated in the following extracts, would not be *too late* to save the West Indies, may perhaps be doubted; and we more than doubt the disposition and courage of the government to attempt anything so comprehensive and bold.

Africa has a population as disposable for emigration as that of Ireland; and to receive it, the West India islands are as near and as congenial to the Africans as North America is to the Irish. The vague objection is the encouragement of the slave-trade. But this slave-trade, in spite of all our fine schemes—our lines of forts, our free colonies, our Niger expeditions, and our blockades—has increased, and is sure to continue to increase as long as Africa is barbarous, has laborers to export, and the West Indies are underpeopled. When we abolished our own slave-trade, and emancipated our African slaves, we had done our duty to humanity and civilization. Our intermeddling in the affairs of other nations, in attempting an unobtainable object, contrary to the principles of good policy and international law, has in fact only exposed us to hatred or ridicule.

We would suggest, then, at once, that the exportation of negro emigrants from Africa should be made as free and unshackled as that of Irishmen from Ireland. The cost of their transport would be defrayed by the service of an apprenticeship; which is, in fact, the course now pursued with captured slaves when emancipated. The only restraints on emigration that would be necessary would be a security that the members of a family should not be separated, and that a due proportion should be observed with the sexes. If the blockading squadron were removed, the sum of 300,000*l.* would, without putting the government to any additional expense, be at its disposal to pay in bounties for the importation of laborers, should such a plan be deemed advisable. At the rate of 20*l.* a head, 15,000 emigrants might be yearly brought to the West Indies through such a fund, or at 10*l.* twice that number.

Under such a system of freedom, the mortality in the barracoons and middle passage would diminish, in so far as concerned the slave-trade; and in the case of those parties transported in our ships, it need not exceed, and probably, from the constitution of the negro and the nature of the climate, it would not equal, that in our ordinary emigrant-vessels; the regulations, of course, being the same.

The emigrants would, in the majority of cases, be either those born slaves or made so by the fortune of war; for such is now, and ever has been, the case. In that event, their transportation would

be equivalent to their emancipation. They would simply lose Africa and slavery, and gain the congenial climate of the West Indies and freedom.—*Examiner*, January 22.

The writer proceeds to show, further, that the natural extinguisher of slavery is density of population; an extinction which is delayed, not hastened, by our anti-slavery apparatus. We have long and often maintained the same view.

But practical reasons for a wiser course are not those which prevail: in Downing street the substantial welfare of the colonies and the treatment of actual circumstances are not the objects of consideration, but the maintenance of certain dogmatic usages peculiar to "the office," though they be as figmentary as the personages of a mythology. As the Japanese thinks it necessary to maintain a sacred sovereign who is sublimely incapable of using any article twice, and is therefore fobbed off with the most wretched wares—as the Hindoo thinks it meritorious to roll through dust and mud from the Jumna to the Ganges—so the inhabitant of the colonial office thinks it necessary to keep up a squadron of British war-ships on the coast of Africa, with no result but to aggravate the horrors of the slave-trade, and meritorious to prevent the success of the only free negro community. In vain you show that the slave-trade is aggravated, or that the West Indies are hastening to ruin: that is not the point; experience—precise conclusions on tangible data—distinct, coherent, consecutive ideas—practical plans based on actual circumstances—are not the things held in esteem; but the predetermined theories of closet-men, the fancies and "supposes" of ingenious wranglers. Last week we saw from a grave and earnest paper in the *Globe*, that among other government objects in the West Indies, one is, to *keep down* the population to an official standard. Some theoretical project of avoiding the necessity for a poor-law in future generations is one of the considerations which regulate the actual government of the West Indies; a starved labor-market, not pauperism, being the actual difficulty. Statesmanlike views of the subject are to be met, under various shapes, in newspapers of any party, from the *Times* to the *Examiner*—in the manifestoes of private or trading bodies, like the recent report of the West India committee—anywhere but in Downing street, or in the didactic despatches thence emanating. So, notwithstanding the Growler steam-ship and Lord Grey's amenities of phrase, we conclude that the great want of the British West Indies—an ample supply of labor—is not to be made good: and such being the case, we come to the further conclusion, that ministers have made up their minds to the abandonment of our own free colonies, and to the preference of foreign slave-grown sugar.

In an article on West India Grievances, the *Examiner* says:—

If the West Indians have made demands that are unreasonable and inadmissible, they have made others that are just and rational, and which must

at once be assented to by every free trader. They require to be allowed to export and import under any flag; to refine their own sugars on the spot, and to dispose of them in the home market on the same terms as the British refiner; to import any kind of sugar and molasses, and to distil from them; and, finally, that their rums should be admitted to home consumption, paying the same duty as British spirits. Such demands amount to nothing more than the liberty of making the most of their capital and industry, and ought to be liberally and cheerfully conceded.

We have a few words of advice to give the West Indians before we conclude. Their means are reduced; the people of England will no longer pay their rents and profits; and, like prudent private persons, they ought to set about retrenching their establishments in earnest. As yet, they merely talk about it. We take the principal colony, Jamaica, as an example of West Indian expenditure. In the memorial of the house of assembly to the queen, we find the following astounding account of it: "For the four years last past, our public and parochial burthens have exceeded an annual average of 400,000*l.*, nearly equal in amount to one third of the value of the whole exports of the colony."

Here, then, is an islet of the Atlantic—much less in size than the county of York, with not double the population of one town of that county, with two thirds of its surface in a state of nature, and having for the great mass of its inhabitants, not industrious Europeans, but listless, semi-barbarous Africans—paying taxes that would suffice for the whole government, civil and military, of half-a-dozen German principalities; the matter being aggravated by the consideration that the whole military and naval charges are defrayed by the mother-country. Over so vast a field is it possible there can be no room for reform or retrenchment? Is it the legislature, that patronizes this monstrous expenditure, which is to be sponsor for a loan of a million to drain lagoons? Jamaica must give up all vice-regal airs, and henceforward live frugally, and unostentatiously, like others of the democracy.

Adam Smith tells us that the whole civil charges of the nine principal colonies which now constitute the most influential members of the American Union, amounted to no more than 64,700*l.* a year; "an ever-memorable example," he adds, "at how small an expense three millions of people may not only be governed, but well governed."

We greatly fear Jamaica may in future times be held out as "an ever-memorable example" at what an extravagant cost the government of 400,000 people inhabiting a small sea-girt island of the Atlantic may be conducted. But, assuredly, the colonists are not the only party to blame. They were ill-brought-up children from their birth; and the parent that foolishly pampered them into prodigality must not only bear a share of the blame, but endeavor to extricate them from difficulties

into which they have been involved by her own bad tuition.

By a recent message of the governor of Maryland, we find that the whole civil charges of this sovereign state, which is four times the size of Jamaica, and contains half as many more inhabitants, are covered by the modest sum of 26,000*l.* per annum. Making the largest allowance for parochial charges included in the Jamaica, but not the Maryland statement, surely the disparity of expense is frightful.

From the Examiner.

CHINESE LABOR FOR THE COLONIES.—In the very able leading article on the "Slave Trade and the West Indies" in your journal of Saturday, January 22d, an allusion was made to the Chinese as laborers for the colonies, they being, as you justly observe, the only other race of men, besides the negroes, capable of performing efficient field labor within the tropics. I am well acquainted with the Chinese, having had a personal experience of their methodical and industrious habits, during my service with the expedition from Hong Kong to Nankin. I have long been aware of their peculiar aptitude as laborers for the colonies; and some months since, when this important question was first seriously mooted, recommended a general scheme of Chinese immigration. But so determined are all parties concerned to encourage the importation of free blacks, that it has not as yet met with much attention. It appears that the Chinese are already employed in the cultivation of sugar in Java and the Philippine Islands, and a few have even been imported as *free laborers into the slave-holding island of Cuba*. You say that it would hardly be worth their while to seek employment at so great a distance, when they can find it so near their own shores. It is very true that they do obtain work, although it is in many cases very precarious and ill-paid; notwithstanding which, however, it must be said to their credit, that wherever they settle they invariably prosper. I feel convinced that if they were assured of steady work and moderate pay, there would be little difficulty in inducing some of the thousands of the superabundant and starving population of China, who yearly leave their country in search of the very necessities of life, to volunteer their services for our colonies. *As to the expense*—a very material point—it would not in the first instance, be more, if so much, per man as for the negroes. Let them, however, but once know the way, and I feel morally certain that they would soon flock to the West Indies, *of their own accord and at their own expense*, as they do at present to all parts of the Indian Archipelago. It is a question worthy of solution, whether we should not be doing much towards the *abolition of the slave-trade*, by proving to the slave-holders that we have discovered a class of laborers apt for the purposes of tropical cultivation, and vastly superior to the negroes in every respect.

A WEST INDIAN.

From the Spectator.

## DEFENCE FOR PEACE, NOT WAR.

LET us not be led away from the true point of view in respect of national defence: it is not whether we are to prepare for war, but whether our defences are in such a state as they ought always to present so as to guard against unforeseen contingences. In the heat of disputation, we might be drawn away from that, the real question, and should waste our labor in discussing subjects that have little to do with it.

Those who have no earnest care about the matter may not mind letting a very plain and homely question branch out into other topics. Members of parliament in quest of a popular theme—ex-leaguers in want of a "mission"—professed agitators seeking employment—junior journals seeking a clientela—will all desire to magnify the question, and stuff it full of resources for eloquence, for "economical" agitation, and so forth.

There is no question here of *expense*. Safety is a thing that must be provided for at any cost. There can be no "economy" in leaving the national security to the chapter of accidents. We do not say that our national safety is *not* provided for; but, seeing statements put forth on the highest of all authority, that our defences have not been sufficient, we say that they ought to be sufficient. Neither is it a question of *aggregate numbers* in army or navy: it is not an increase of the gross quantity, nor any special and absolute amount that we demand, but sufficient strength in a particular quarter for a particular service.

They who assume that "free trade" will supersede the necessity of national defences do not really trust to their own principle. If free trade would supersede the necessity of guarding against contingent attacks—if it has placed us in a situation of more unfringible safety than we enjoyed in the last year, 1847—then we need not only neglect to provide against ulterior mischances, but might disband our whole army. If, through free trade, we are to have, in 1848, positively and certainly less danger and hostility than we had in 1847, then our whole military and naval expenditure is a purely supererogatory burthen. Free trade is either a sufficient reliance, or it is not. If it is sufficient, it will prevent aggression, and we need provide no means of repulsion. If it will not prevent aggression, then the question recurs, Are our defences *sufficient*?

For observe, if free trade does not *absolutely* prevent aggression, but only diminishes the chances of aggression in their number, it does not settle the question of sufficiency of defence. If, for example, free trade has been effectual in reducing the chances of aggression, say from three to one in the year, still our defence must be sufficient on that one occasion, or we should then be as ill off as ever.

The danger of aggression may be less than it has been from one particular quarter, and we are willing to believe that it is. It is not a new dan-

ger that is the new element in the question, but a new knowledge of our exposed condition. The number of dangers and their degree of probability may be precisely what they have been any time these last thirty years; our weakness even may be what it was; the change is, that we know it. We had assumed all along that those who had charge of our military and naval forces had performed the paramount duty of keeping our national defences in a state of completeness and sufficiency—some among them have now avowed that such is not the case: we do not stop to find out where a retrospective blame may be due, for that would be a very idle task; but this avowal, we say, is the novelty in the question; and now that we know the momentous deficiency that exists, we are bound to repair it. It may be a question whether a city needs walls or not, but while it has walls, it would be silly to permit the continued existence of a breach that could not be repaired in haste.

A correspondent in Paris assures us that we have underrated the present pacific turn of the national temper in France—that our neighbors are utterly disinclined to war, and that they are much amused at our sudden alarm. There is no sudden alarm *at their attitude*, but only a new consciousness of a want at home. The question is not to be settled in France, or in any other foreign country. It is not our part to watch the shifting moods in a changeful neighbor. We must be always *sufficiently* prepared for what may happen in the ever-recurring circle of events, among which is war.

The English wish for peace, and they are steadfast in that wish; but a neighbor, whose pacific professions are just now so exaggerated, has by no means displayed the same steadfastness. Very trifling incidents may provoke a contrary mood. They have done so not long back, and might do so again at any moment. Nothing could be more paltry than the Pritchard affair, yet it was the occasion of a project for a descent on England. Our government, as we learn from Admiral Bowles, received positive information that the French meditated a sudden attack on Portsmouth by armed steamers; and the emphatic opinion of one of the most intrepid commanders in our navy is freely quoted, that if the attempt had been made, we had then no means of stopping its execution. About the same time, we understand, Sir Robert Peel was so impressed by what came to his knowledge, that he immediately, on his own responsibility, without waiting for parliament, ordered an expenditure of 50,000*l.* towards bettering the defences; and Portsmouth has since been further strengthened.

That is not the only instance in which the idea of attacking England has been disclosed by the French, even within the reign of "The Napoleon of peace." When King Louis Philippe visited us four years ago in friendly guise, he was struck with admiration at what he saw in "the capital of the commercial world;" he deplored, even in fancy, the havoc that a war might inflict on his old hospitable friends the English; and, in the openness of his heart, good man! he went so far

as to disclose a danger of which his friends had been unconscious. About 1840, when considerable irritation against this country existed in France, some of Louis Philippe's officers were prepared with plans for a descent on England: they showed him how thirty thousand men might be landed within easy distance of London, and how clear the road to our metropolis! Various motives for the wily king's disclosure may be conjectured: they were probably not unmixed—not all disinterested, nor yet all insincere.

Now, though we do not desire to war against France, does it follow that we are indifferent to her warring upon us? Or, if we tempted her to do so, should we be fostering peace? We seek nothing more, nor anything less, than defence for peace itself.

From the Spectator.

#### FREE TRADE IS NOT THE UNIVERSE.

SOME worthy enthusiasts seem to think that free trade is the philosopher's stone, the inclusive creator of all things human. They ascribe to their formula such omnipotence, that it really becomes necessary to make distinctions between those few things which lie within its scope and all the rest of the universe.

What free trade *can* do, in a word, is to give the productive resources of a country liberty of action, and thus to increase the riches of that country. Free trade is the exchange of goods unrestricted by distinctive fiscal burdens or prohibitions; but even in its largest aspect it is still no more than exchange of goods. It is freedom to exchange corn, wine, oil, cotton, silk, timber, metals, and other tangible things which are articles of sale; and the power to exchange implies a juster division of employments among workmen of different lands, so that each may take that which is most suitable to him, and may therefore produce a larger quantity. Free trade thus increases material wealth.

It has certain indirect consequences, which are not different from those of commerce of any kind; only it is to be presumed that, when free, commerce will exhibit those consequences in the largest proportion. By increasing the productive powers of mankind generally, commerce tends to foster the natural capacities of man. By multiplying opportunities of intercourse, it tends to promote friendly dispositions, mutual enlightenment, and civilization. By augmenting abundance, it tends to produce ease, contentment, and the good feelings belonging to that condition.

But that is all. Empirically, we may learn that free trade cannot perform many most important functions needed by the body corporate. That it cannot produce political freedom, we see in Turkey; nor social concord, in Switzerland; nor

national independence, in the Hanse Towns. And theoretically, we perceive at once that it cannot exert greater influences than those which exist in material objects. It is the poet, not the merchant or retail shopkeeper, who finds "sermons in stones"—in hearthstones, for instance; Westphalia hams carry with them no moral conviction; rein-deer tongues, however multitudinous, are mute; Baltic timber, however superior to Canadian, is not more edifying, except in Spenser's sense, when he mentions "a little chapel edified" in a wood; the sweetness of sugar is purely physical, not moral. English hard-ware and delf are good, so are French silks and claret; but the mutual interchange imparts no intellectual virtues either to pen-knives or pale brandy; and the pictorial instructiveness of a figured dinner-plate or silk dress does not equal that of an ancient Mexican picture-book or an Egyptian hieroglyphic. Free trade can directly produce no moral sensation which is not the effect of sugar, cotton, silk, earthenware, and such substantial articles; indirectly, it increases such opportunities for mutual instruction in manners and knowledge as belong to the shop, the counting-house, the exchange, and the quay—not places the most famous as intellectual or moral schools. Those facilities, too, may exist without free trade: protective England offered far greater facilities for the foreign traveller, and therefore for intellectual commerce, than free-trade Turkey. Art, a much higher social influence than trade, rose in Italy as political and commercial freedom declined. Learning flourishes within the circle of the Zollverein; the *savoir vivre* within exclusive France. Shakspeare wrote without the inspiration of free trade; in spite of tariffs, Rosini's passionate language vibrates from the Baltic to the Mediterranean; the pulse of love is not dependent on the custom-house-officer; the ethics of Christianity know no fiscal confines. These things exist without free trade, and are not created by it.

But free trade has some positive drawbacks—it may do its share of harm. By augmenting material wealth, it tends to materialize the ideas of a nation. By bringing into greater prominence mere commercial success, it tends to exalt the commercial test of "profit" into a standard of worth for higher things; insomuch that at this moment we have before us a spectacle incredible to the great patriots of ancient Greece or Rome, or of modern Europe—men reducing the question of national safety and honor to one of "pounds, shillings, and pence!" Books remain unwritten because they will not "pay:" the devotion which is necessary to art is suppressed by material worldliness; in English society, no virtue can cause poverty to be "received" except upon sufferance, no vice or meanness can exclude wealth.

**PROSPECTUS.**—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazine*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1848.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portrait of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS